

BIG SHOT

HOLD IT STEADY,
YOO-HOO!
HERE'S A PACKAGE
FOR **TOKIO!**

SLAPHAPPY

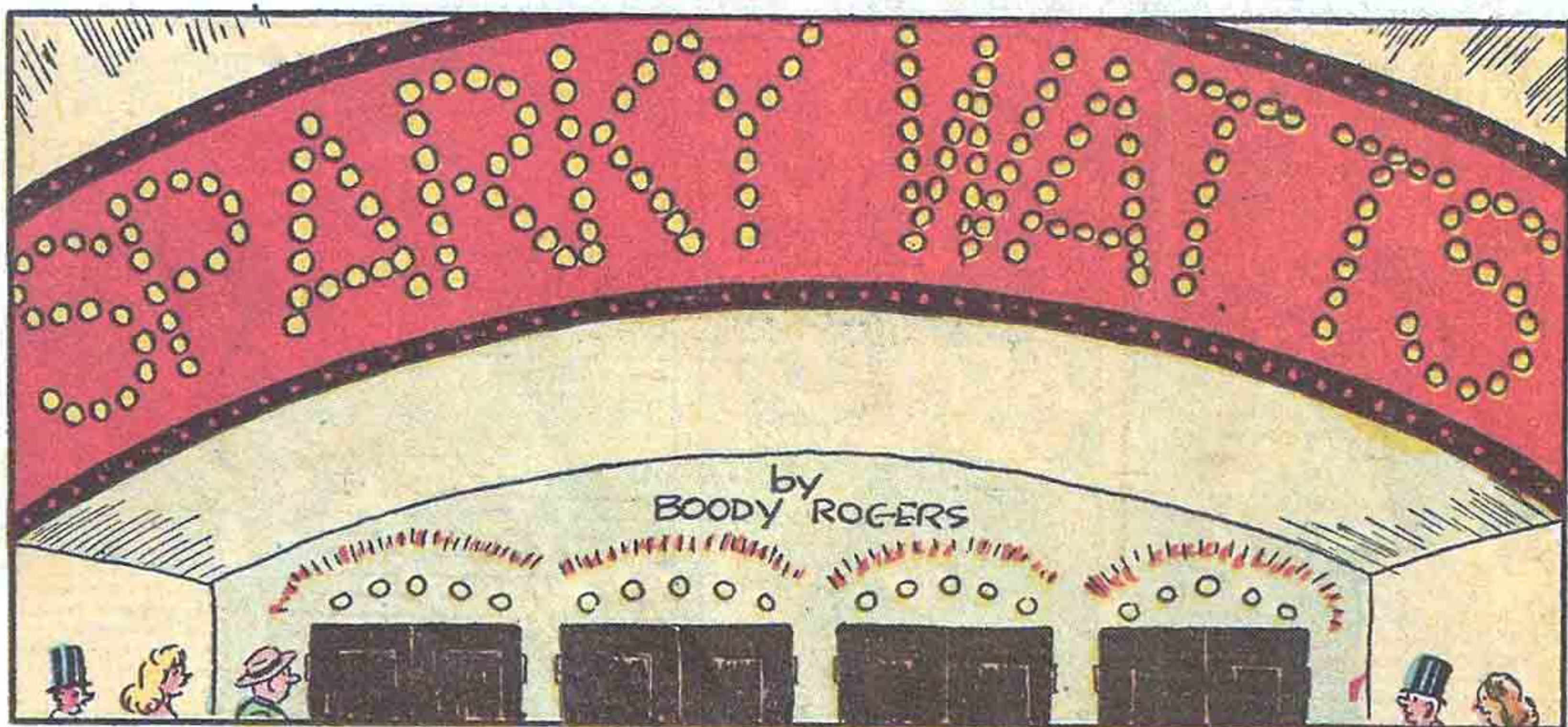
HURRY UP,
SPARKY... I
NEED THOSE
SUSPENDERS!

**Joe Palooka, Skyman, Rocky Ryan, Dixie Dugan, Captain Yank,
Sparky Watts, the Face, Bo and many other favorites!**

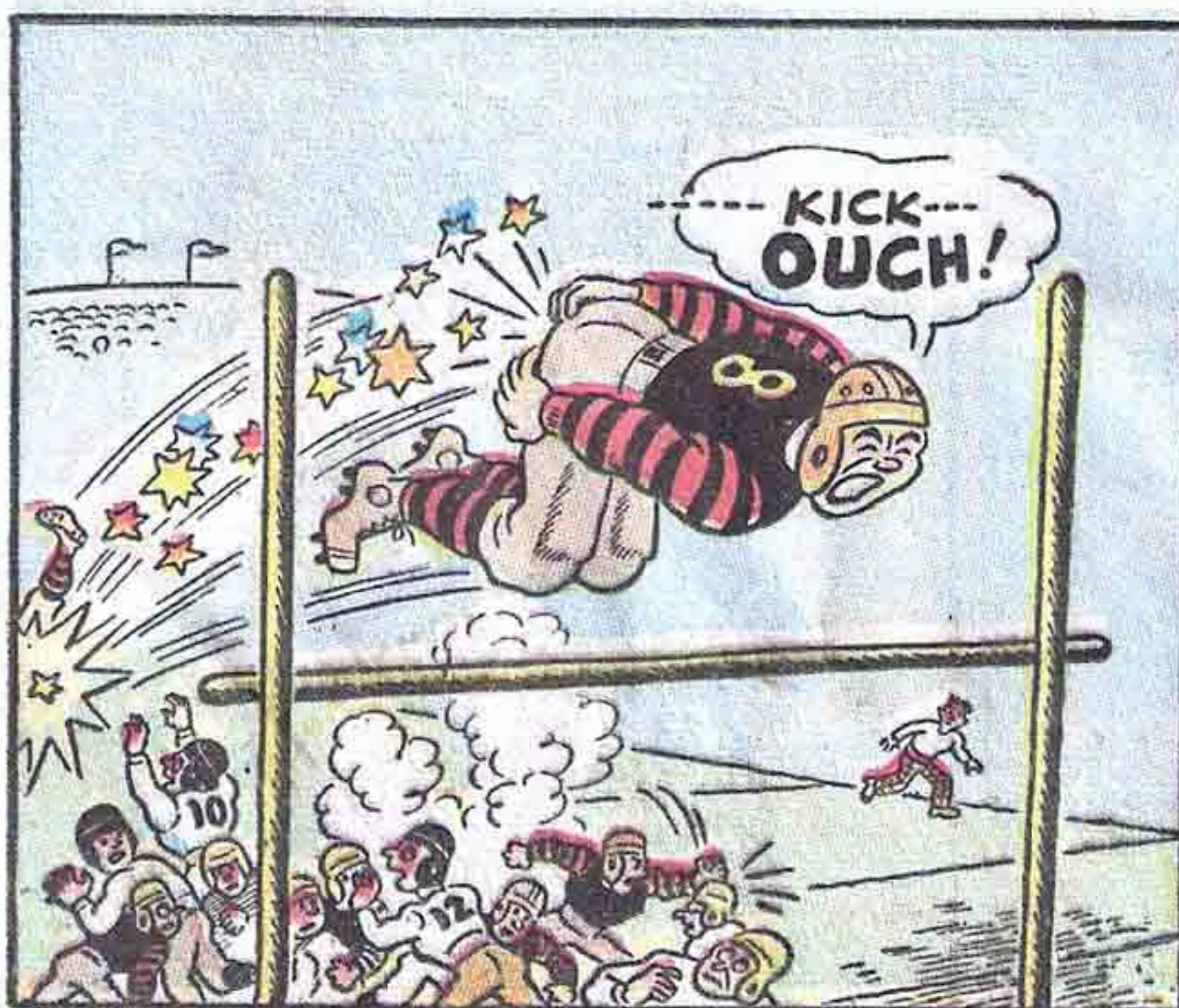
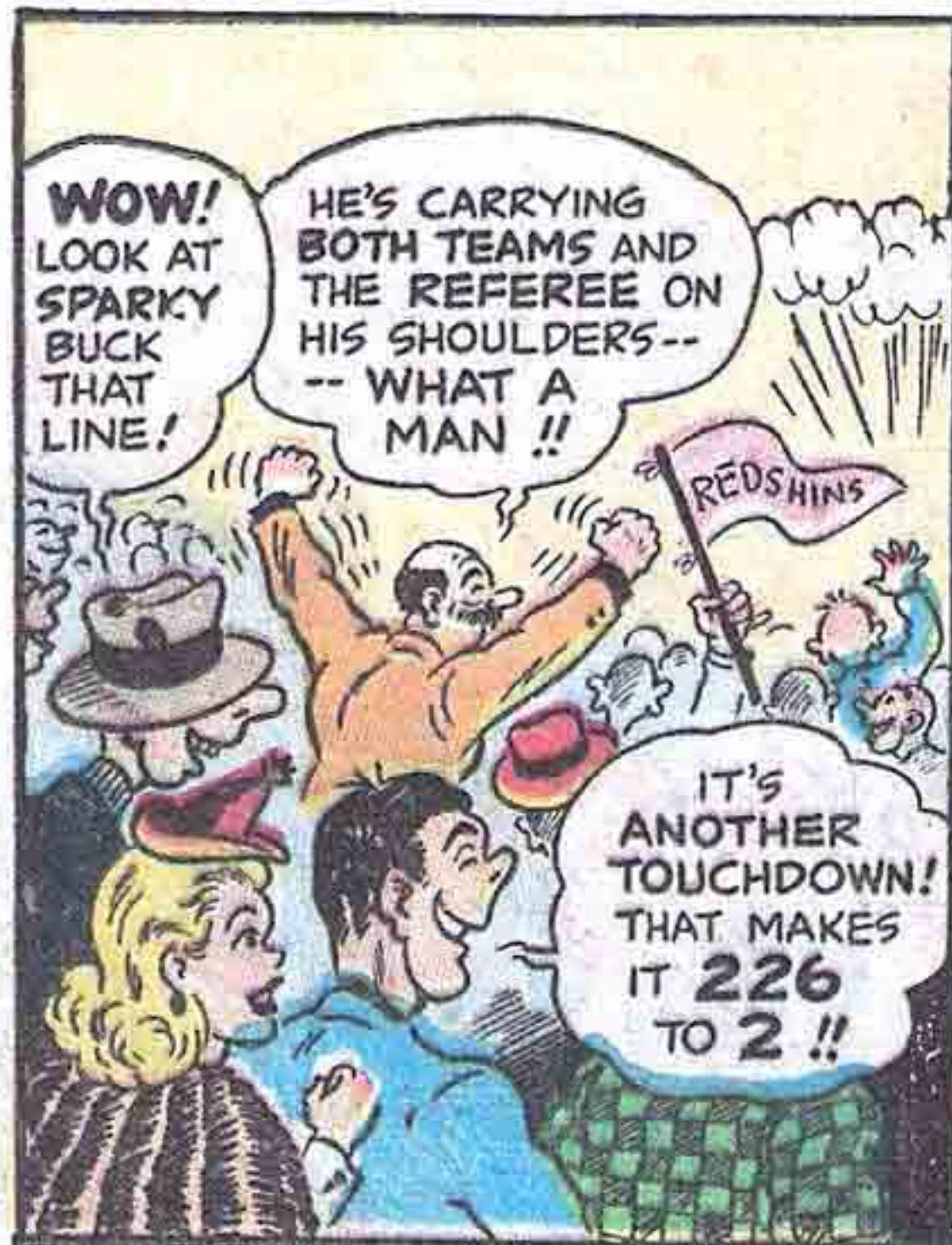


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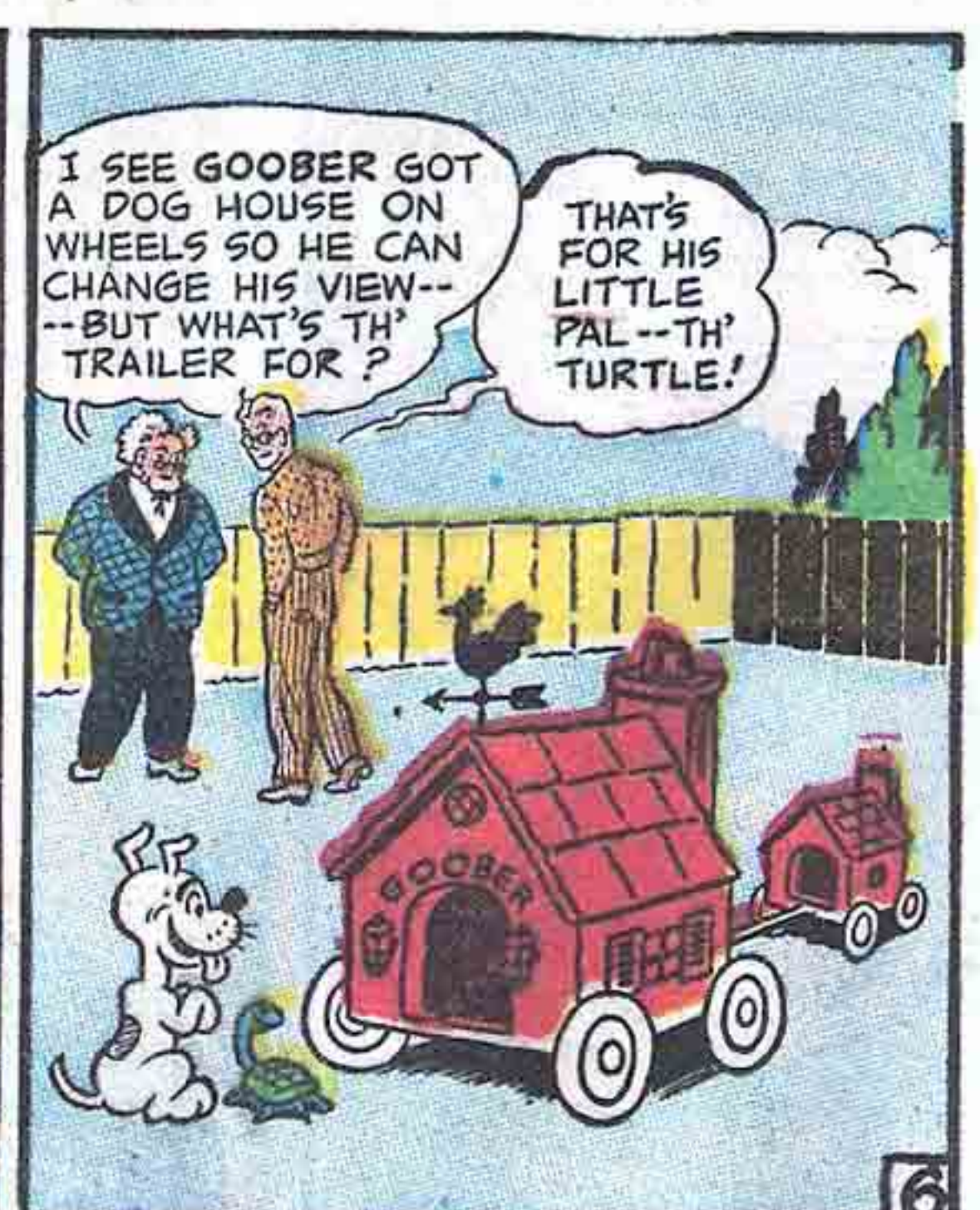
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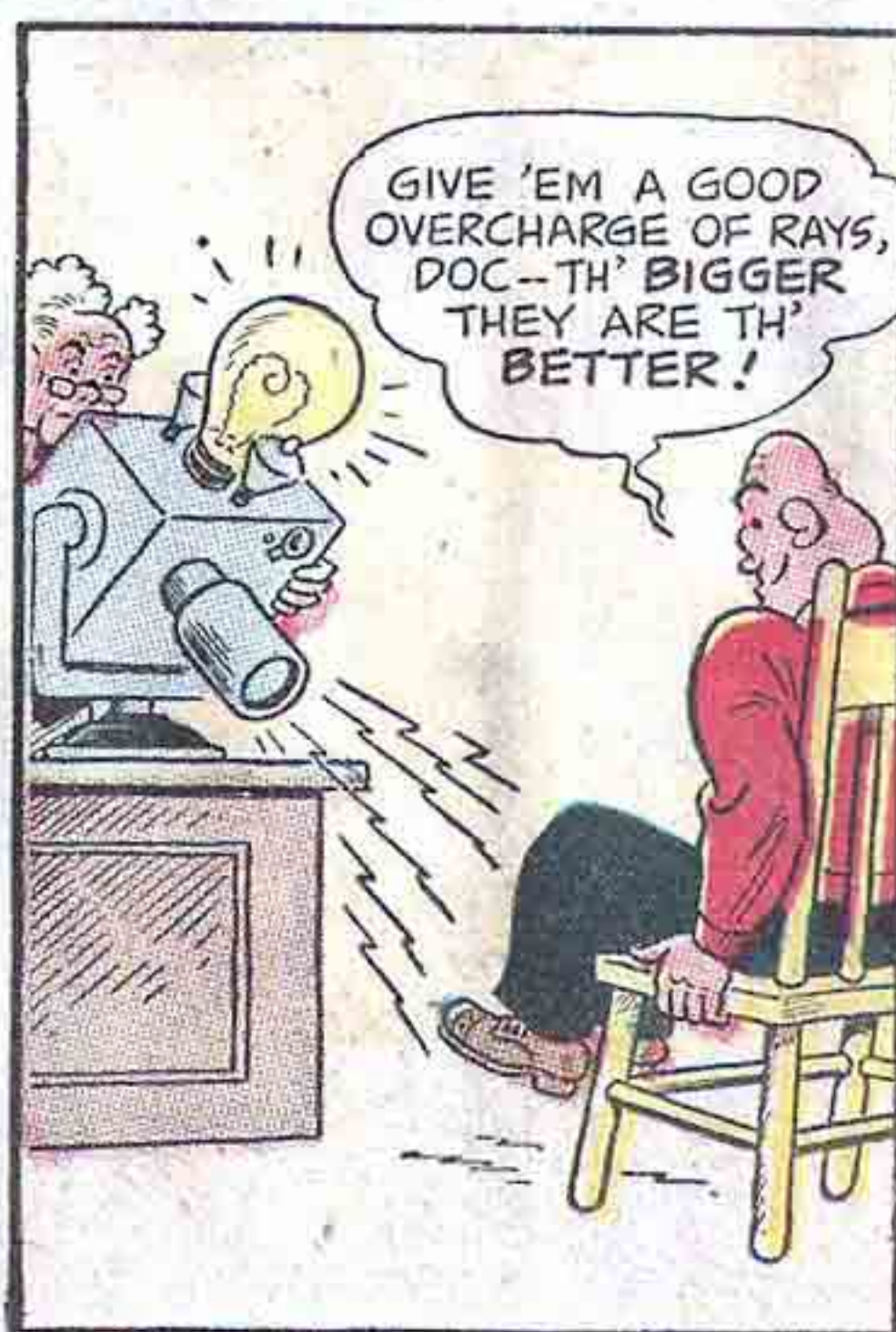
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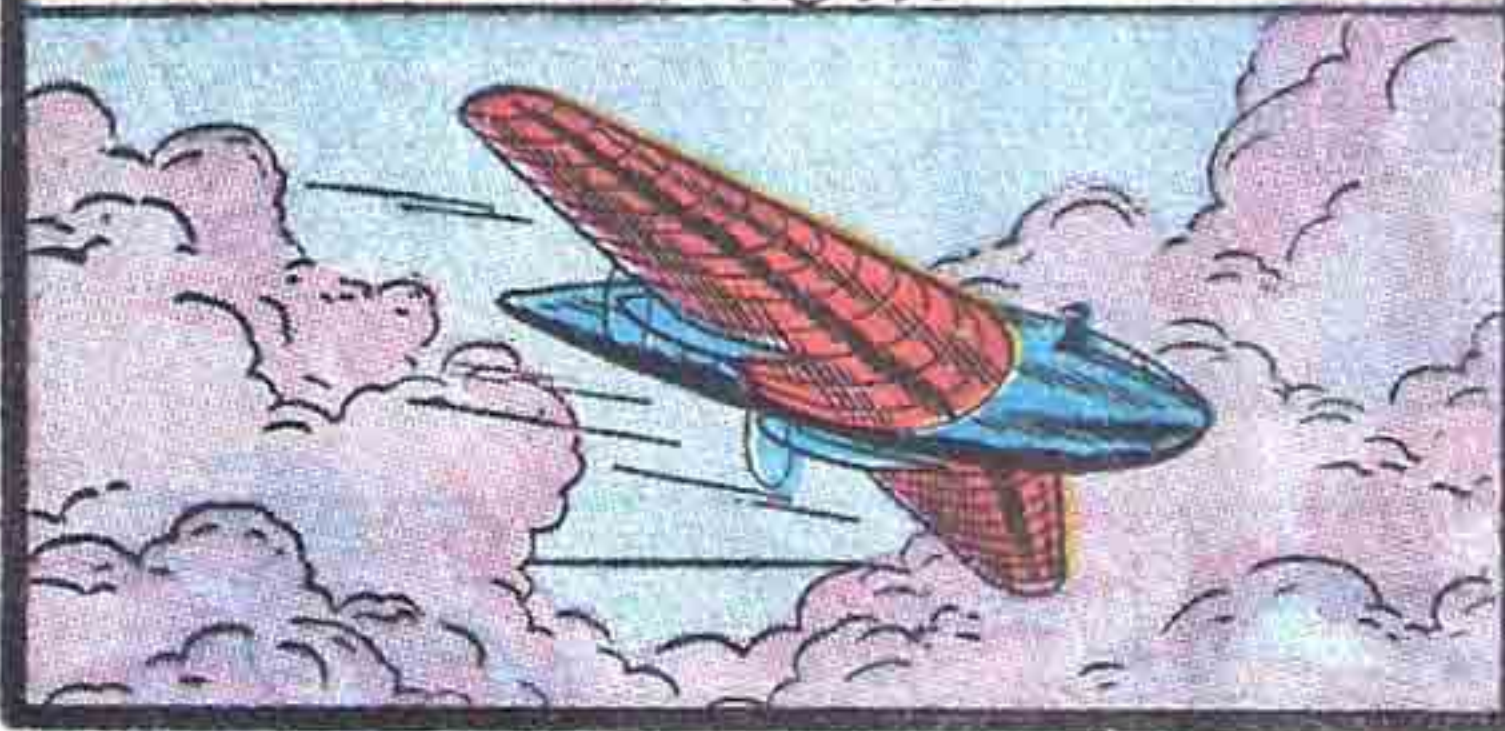
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SKYMAN



THE SKYMAN, EVER ACTIVE IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY, IS RETURNING ONE NIGHT FROM A FAR-RANGING PATROL OVER THE ATLANTIC...



AN HOUR AGO, THE WOUNDED SABOTEUR ESCAPED FROM COUNTY HOSPITAL, STOLE AN AMBULANCE, AND FLED. TWO POLICEMEN ARE DEAD...



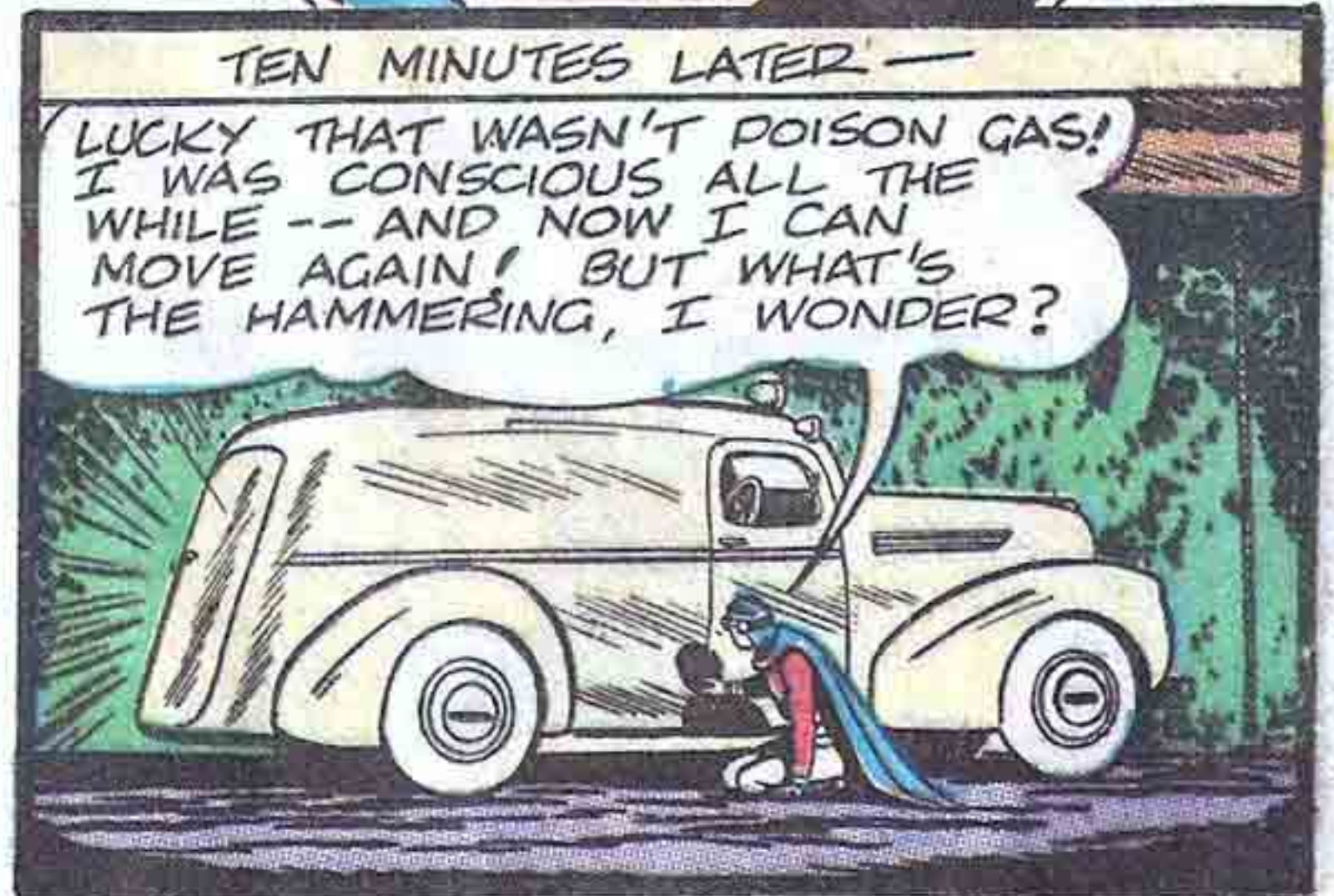
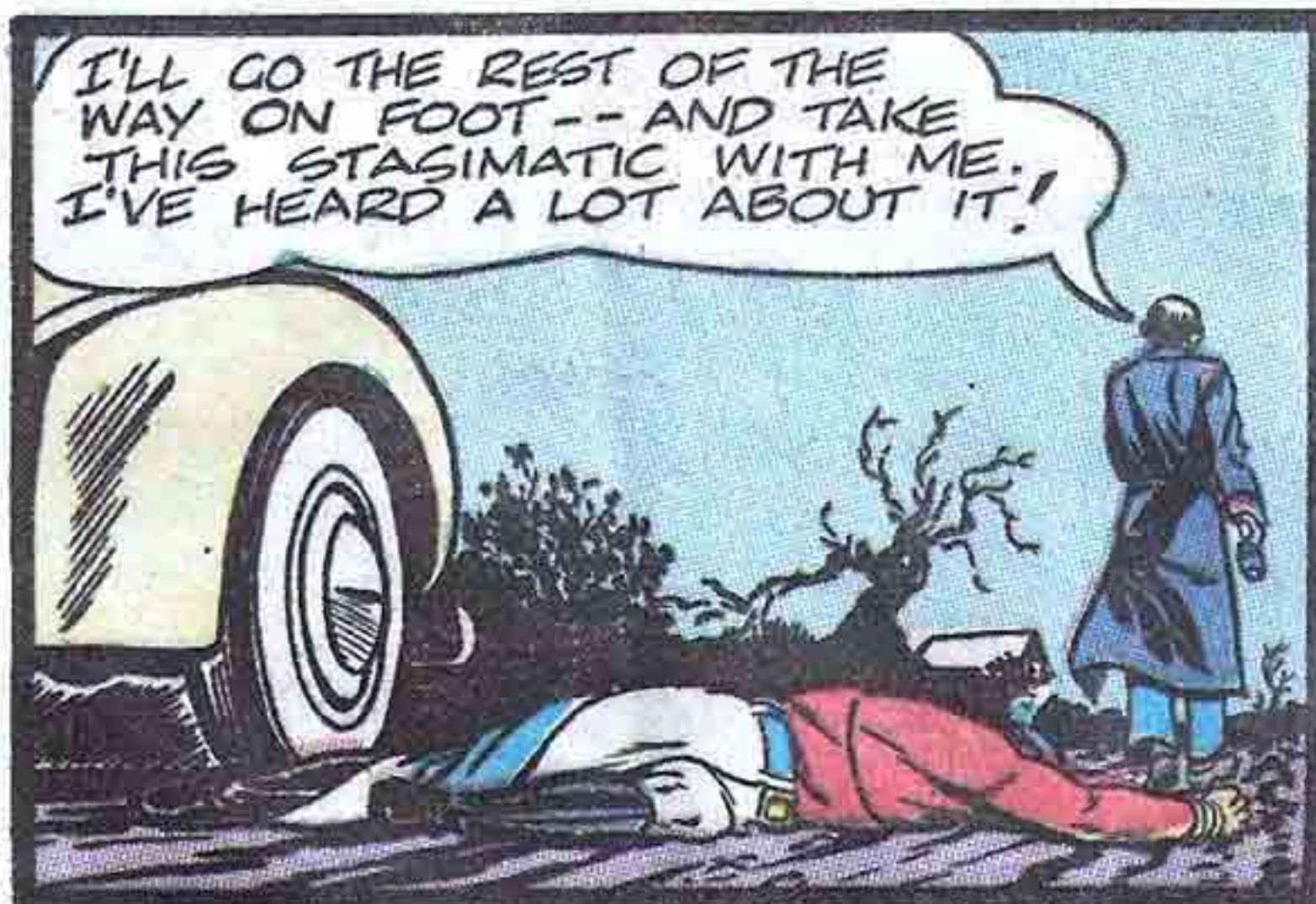
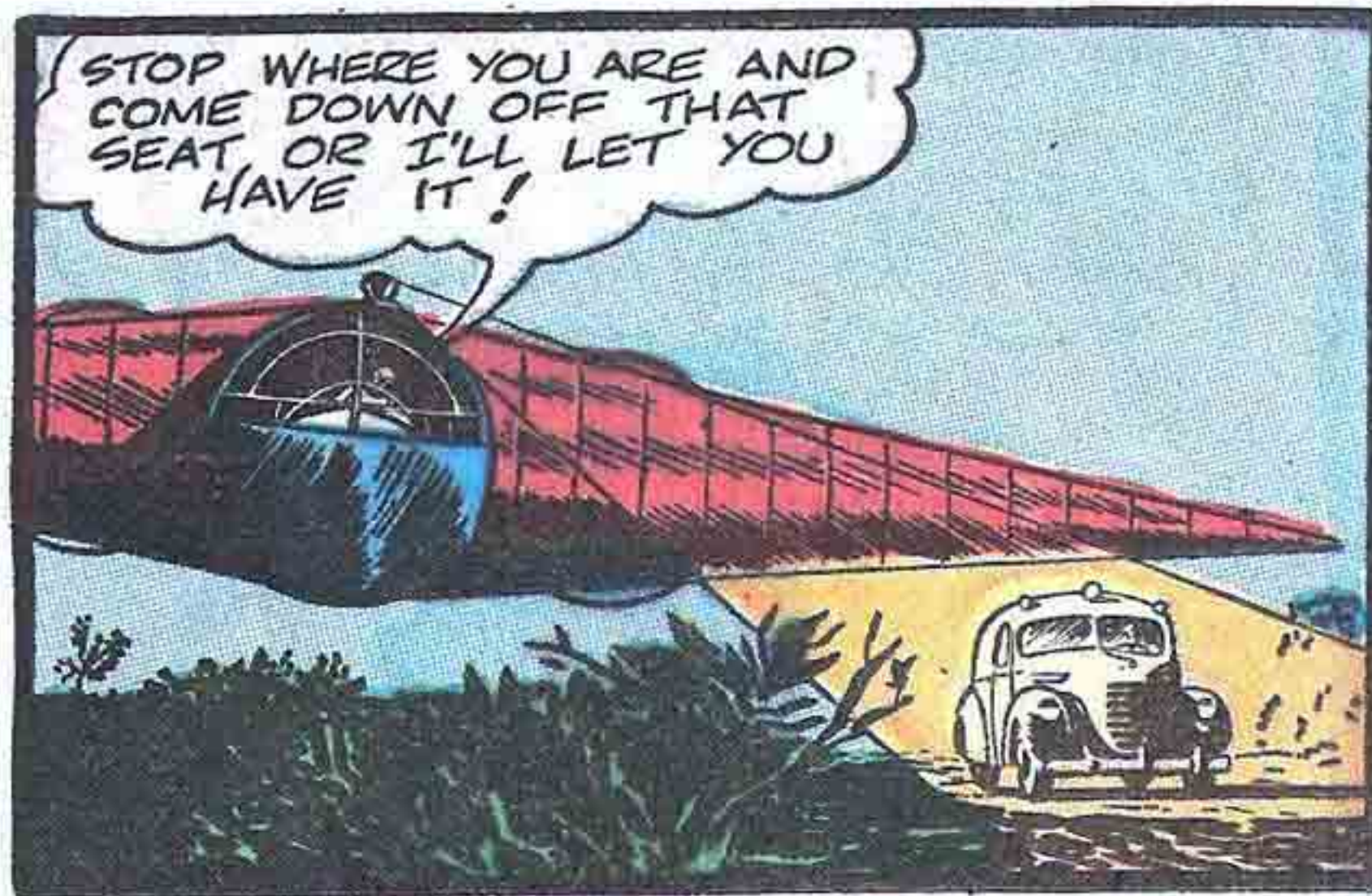
WELL, WELL! I'LL BET THAT'S THE STOLEN AMBULANCE DOWN THERE! AND GOING A BLUE STREAK TOO!



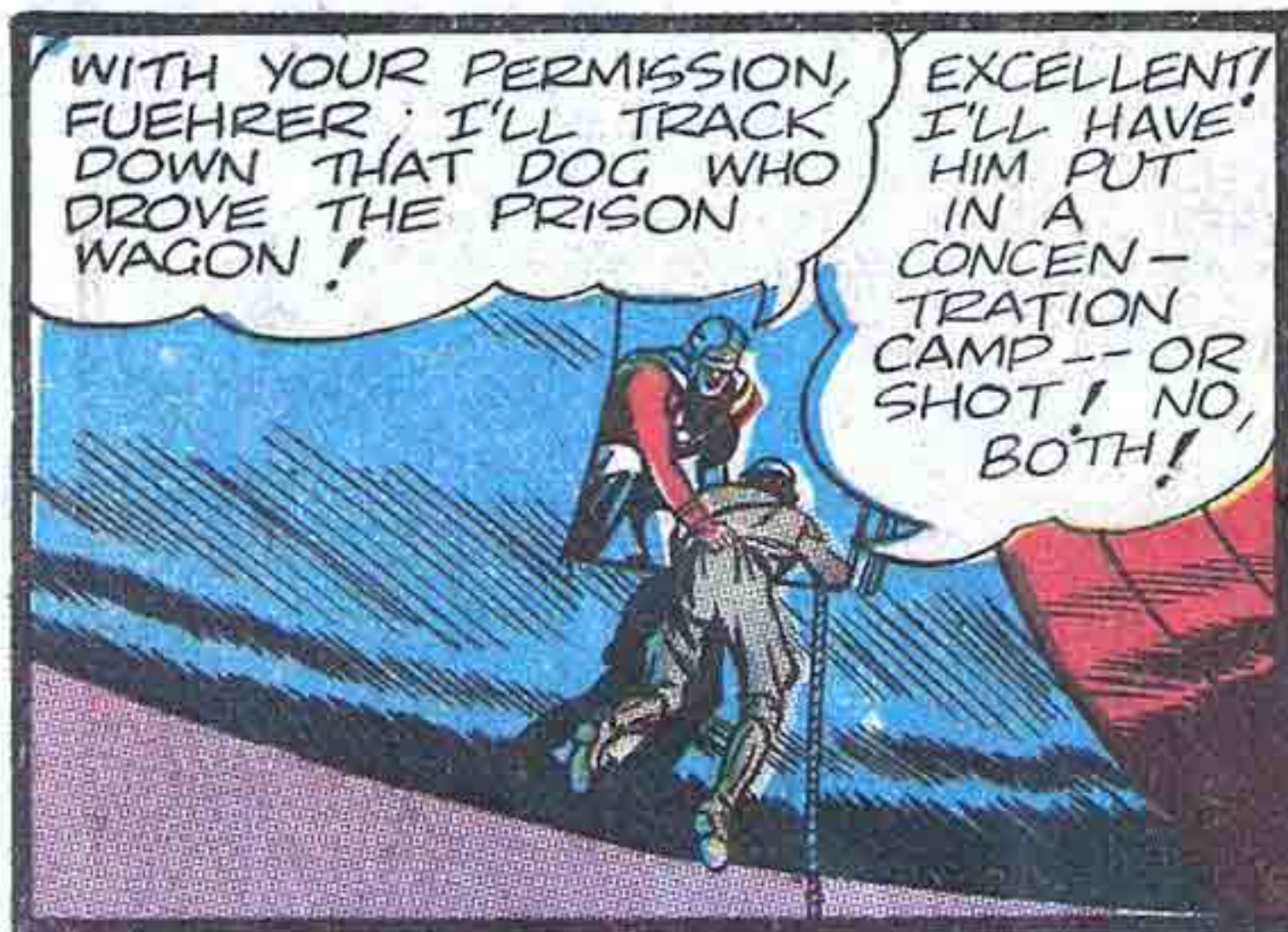
THE SKYMAN! BLAST THE LUCK! BUT HE'LL NOT GET ME -- NOT WHILE I HAVE A PELLET OF PARALYSINE GAS LEFT!



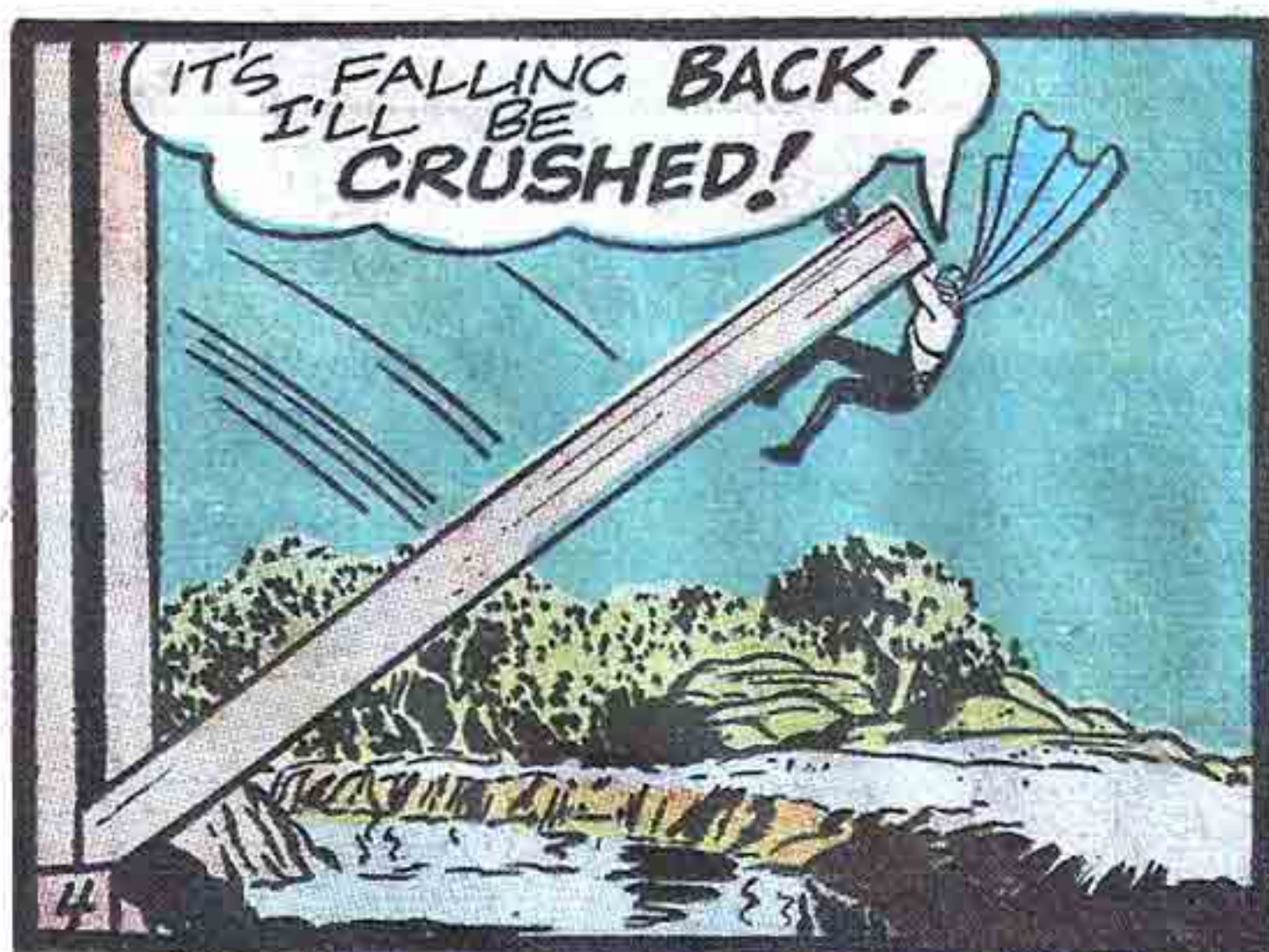
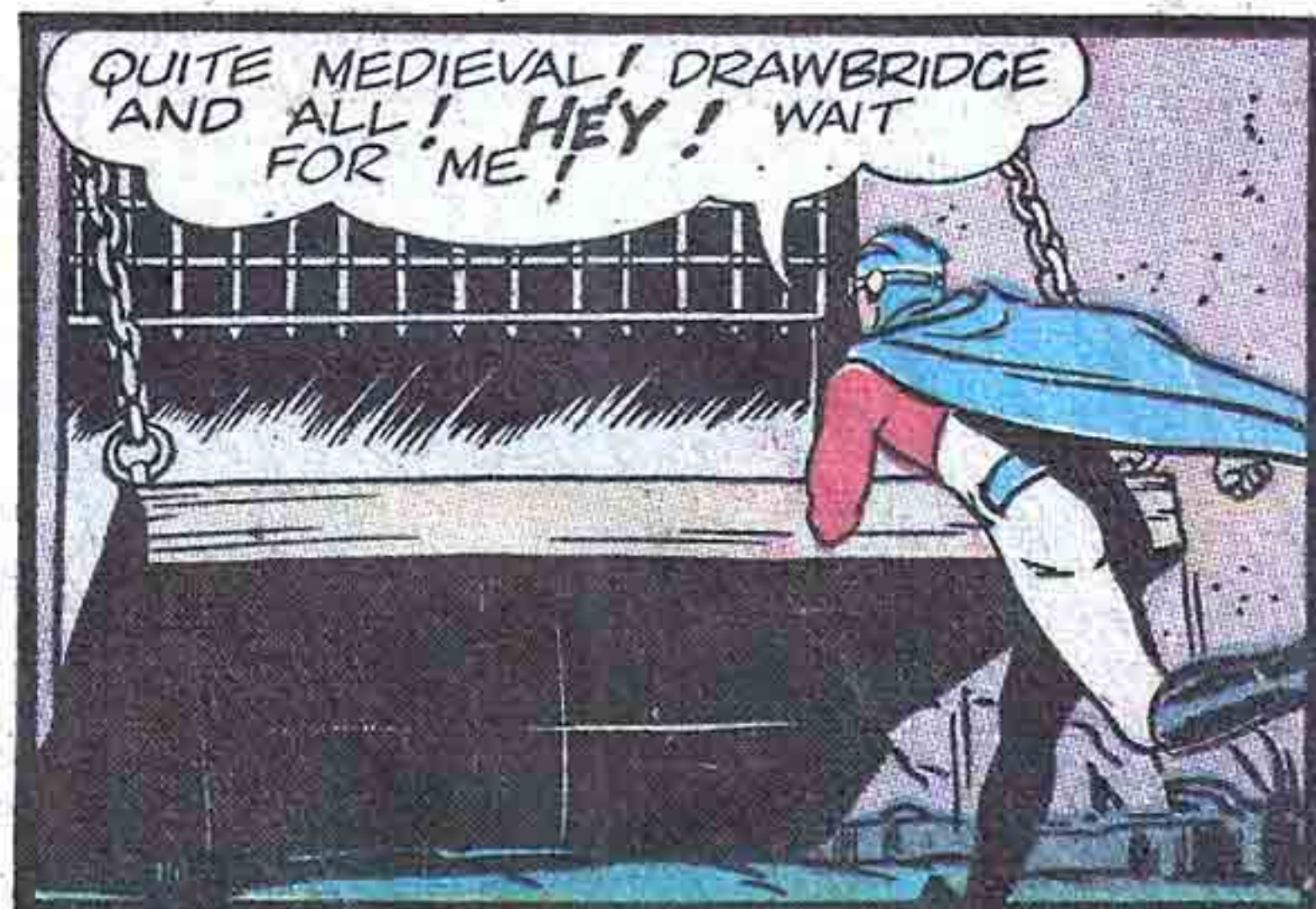
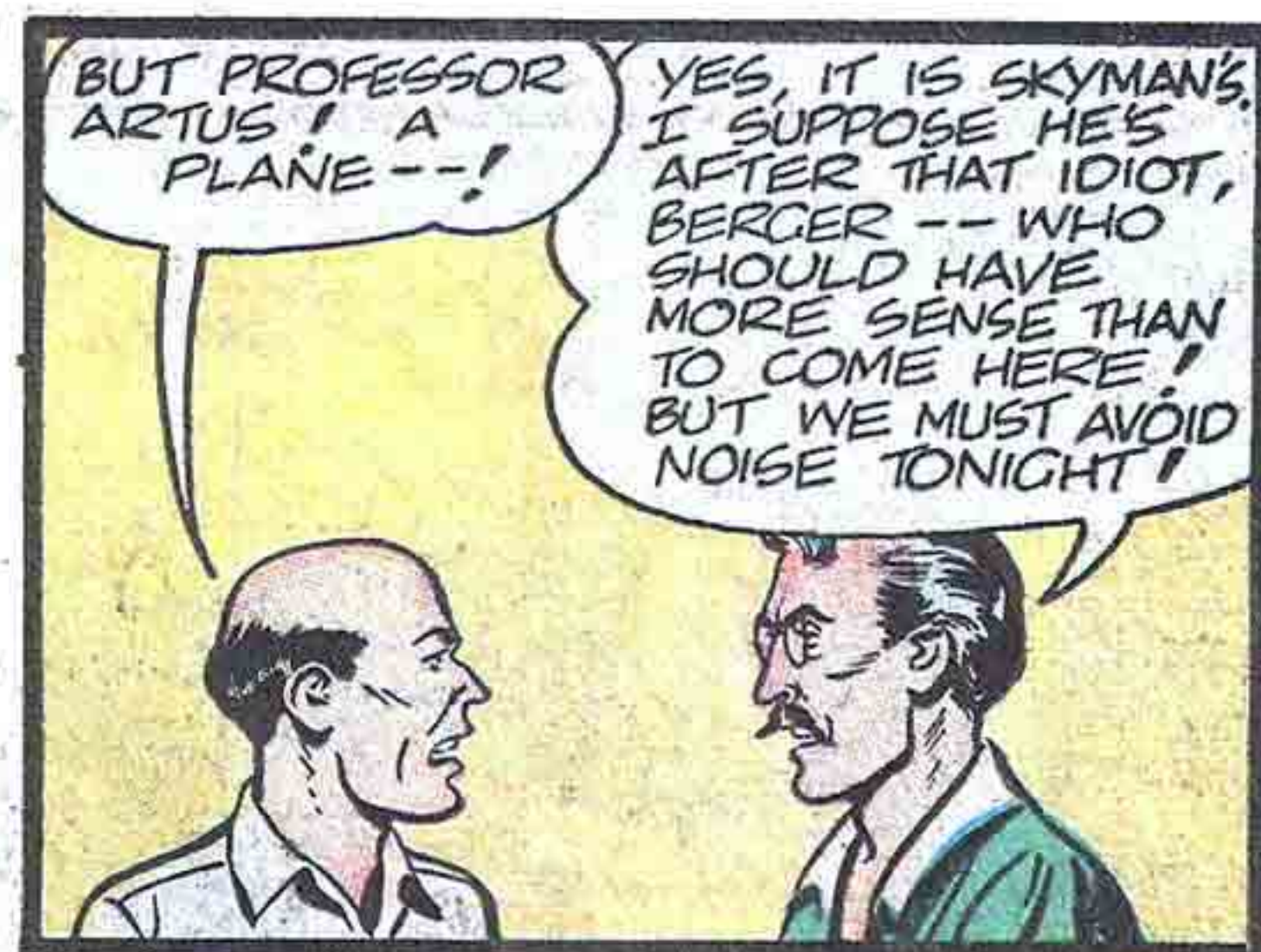
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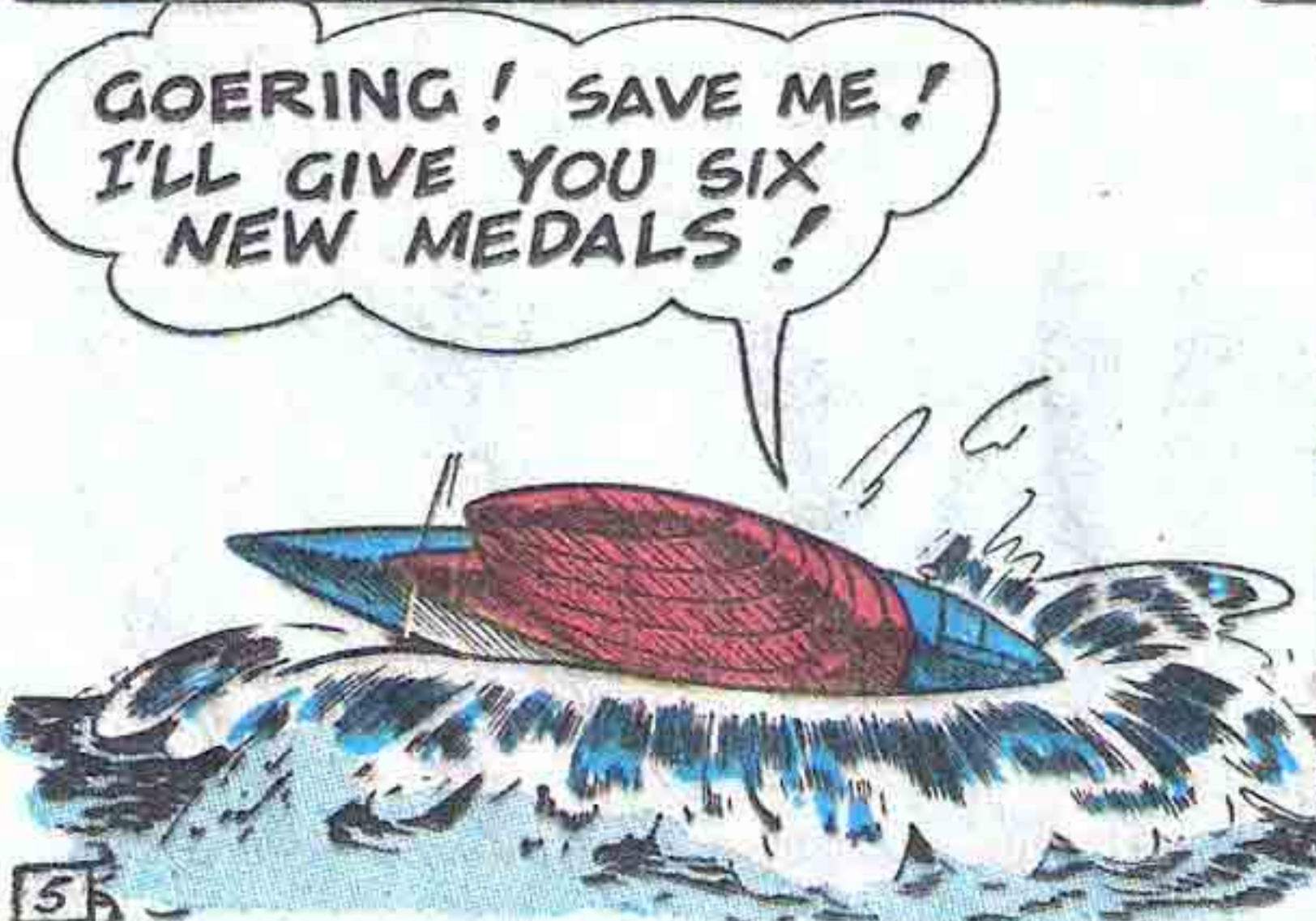
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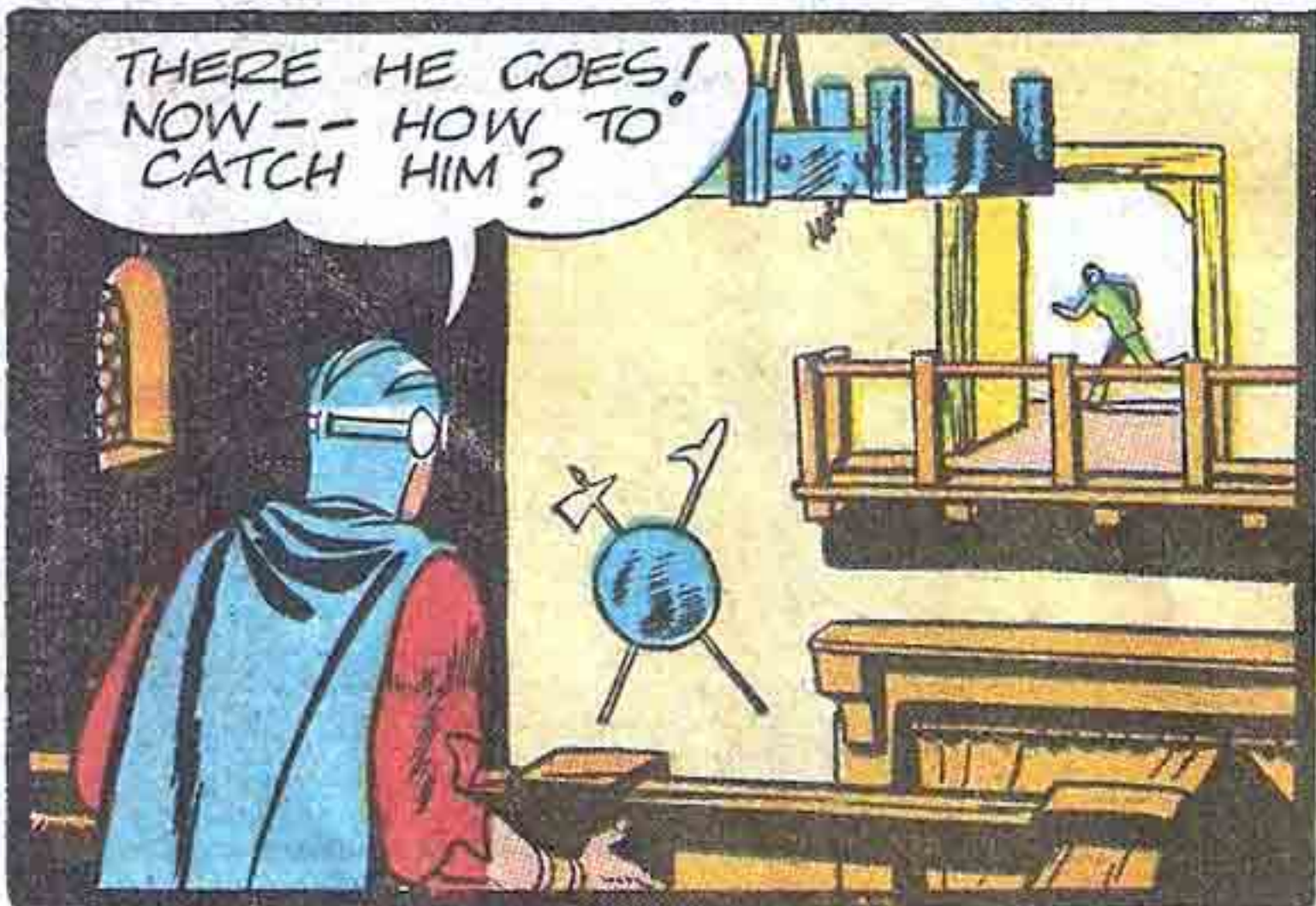
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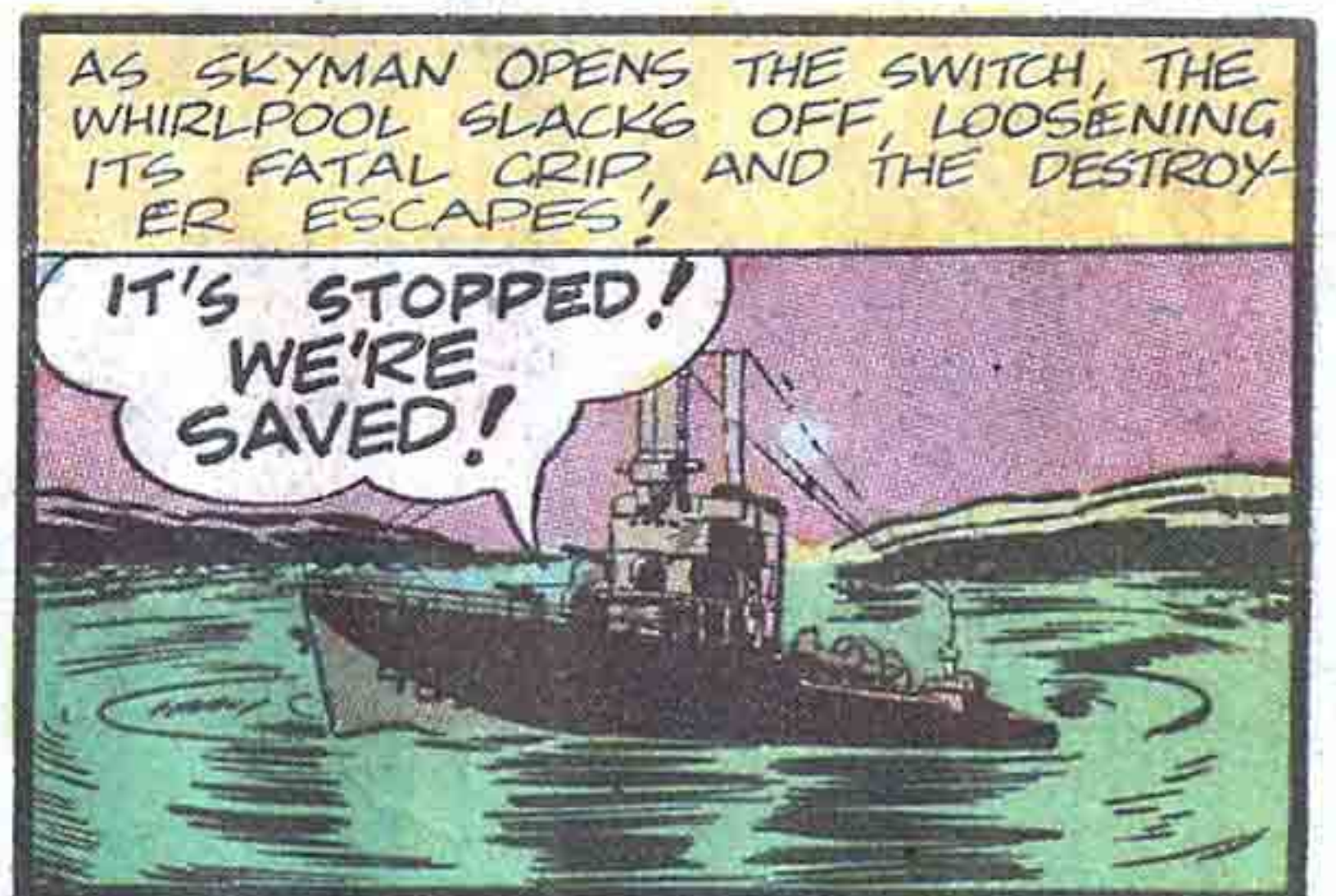
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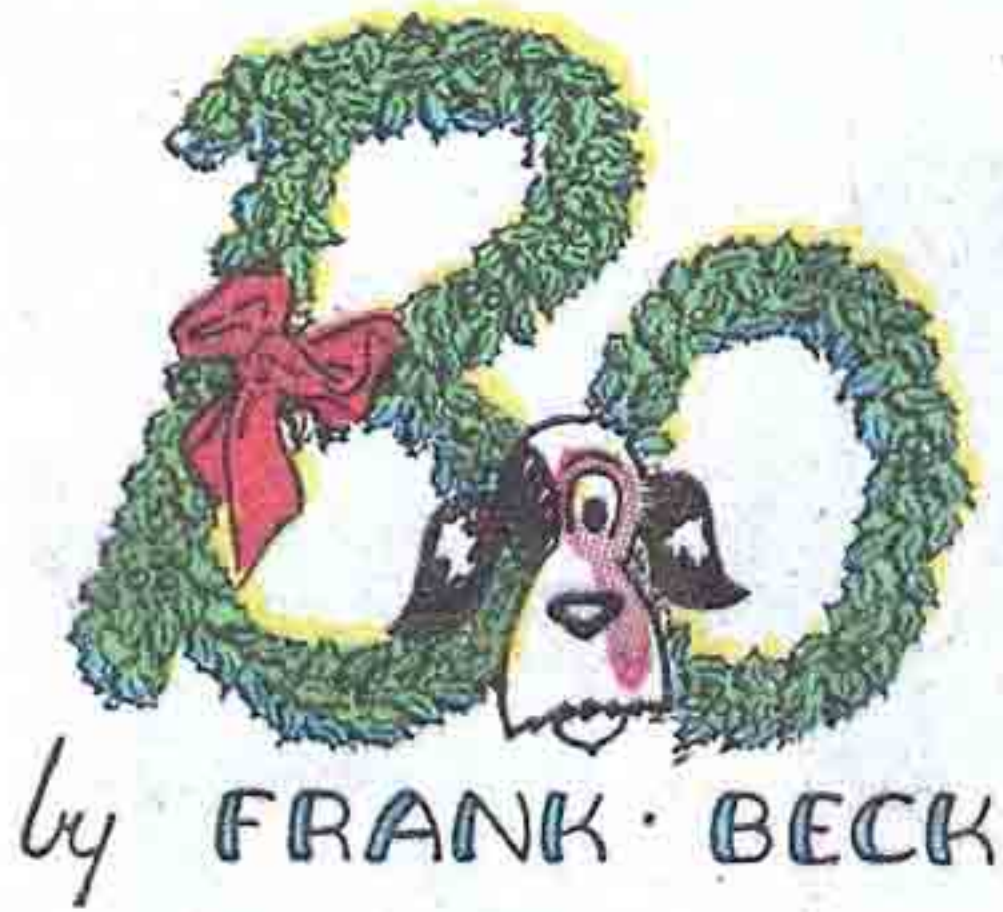
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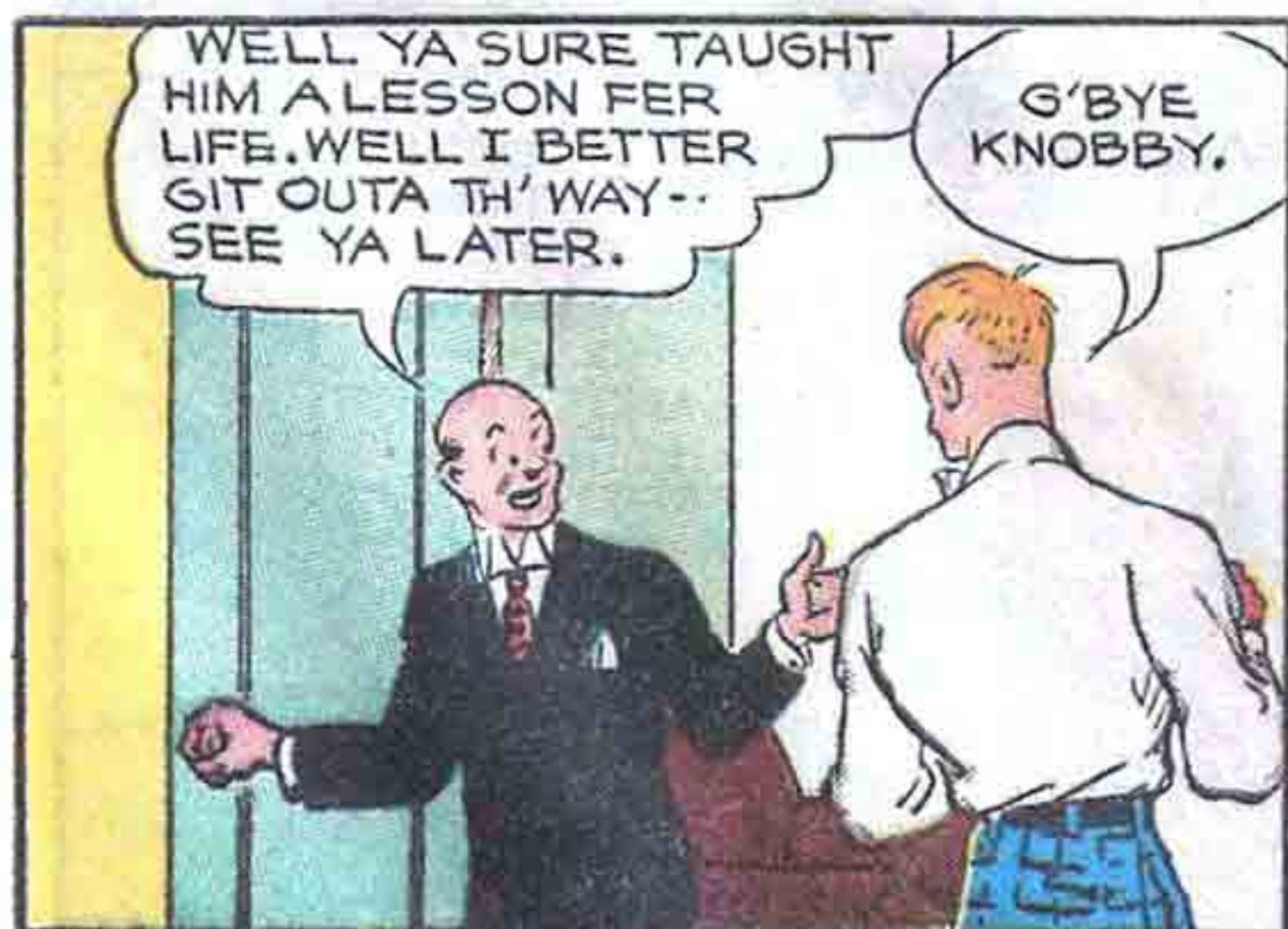
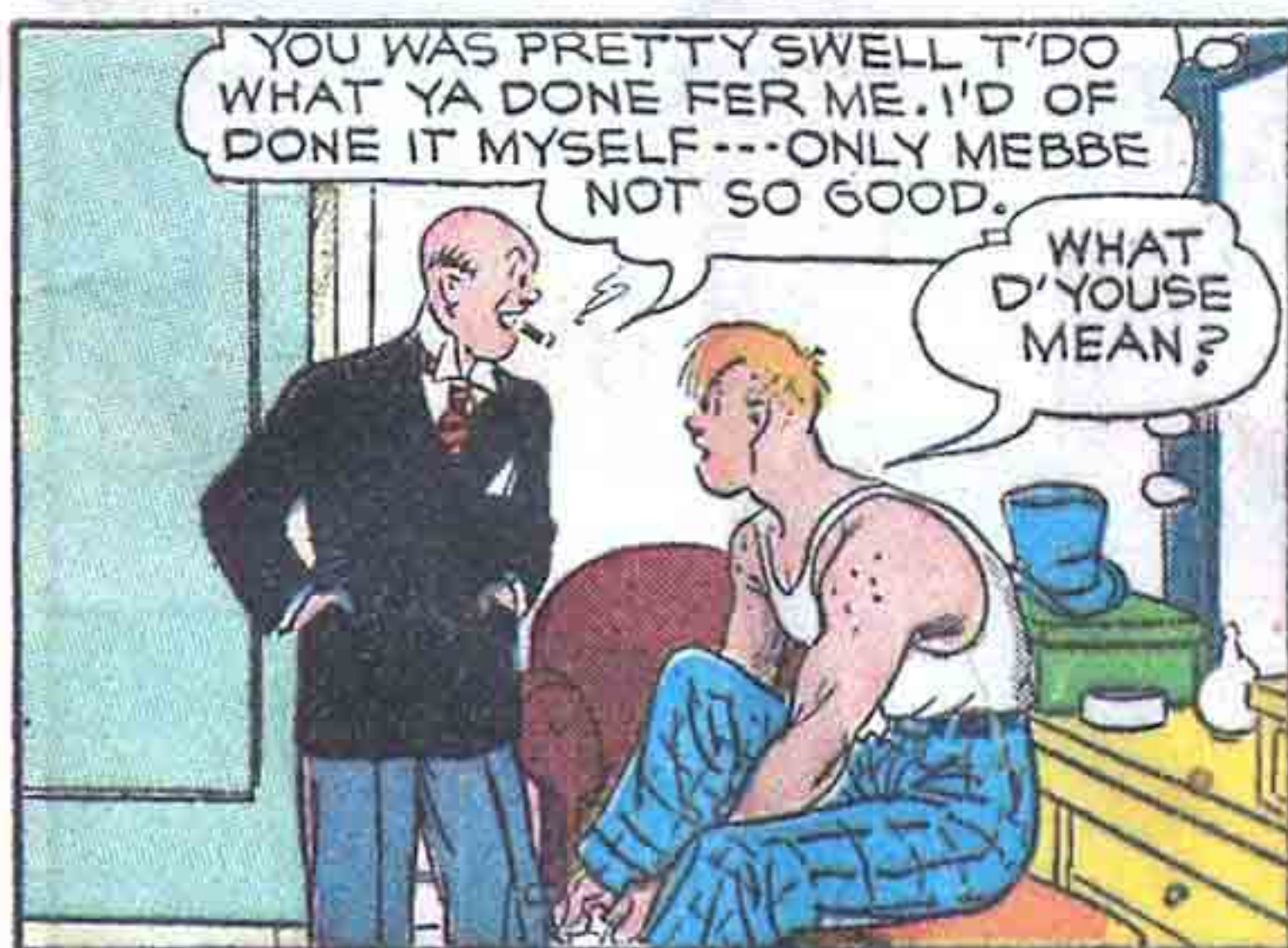


JOE PALOOKA

WHILE OUT OF TOWN, KNOBBY WALSH IS UN-AWARE THAT HIS FICKLE SWEETHEART HAS TURNED HER ATTENTIONS TO FREDERIC DE LAN, AN ACTOR.



JOE PALOOKA, HOWEVER, REALIZES WHAT IS TAKING PLACE AND HE ACTUALLY K.O.'S DE LAN IN A MOVING PICTURE SCENE.

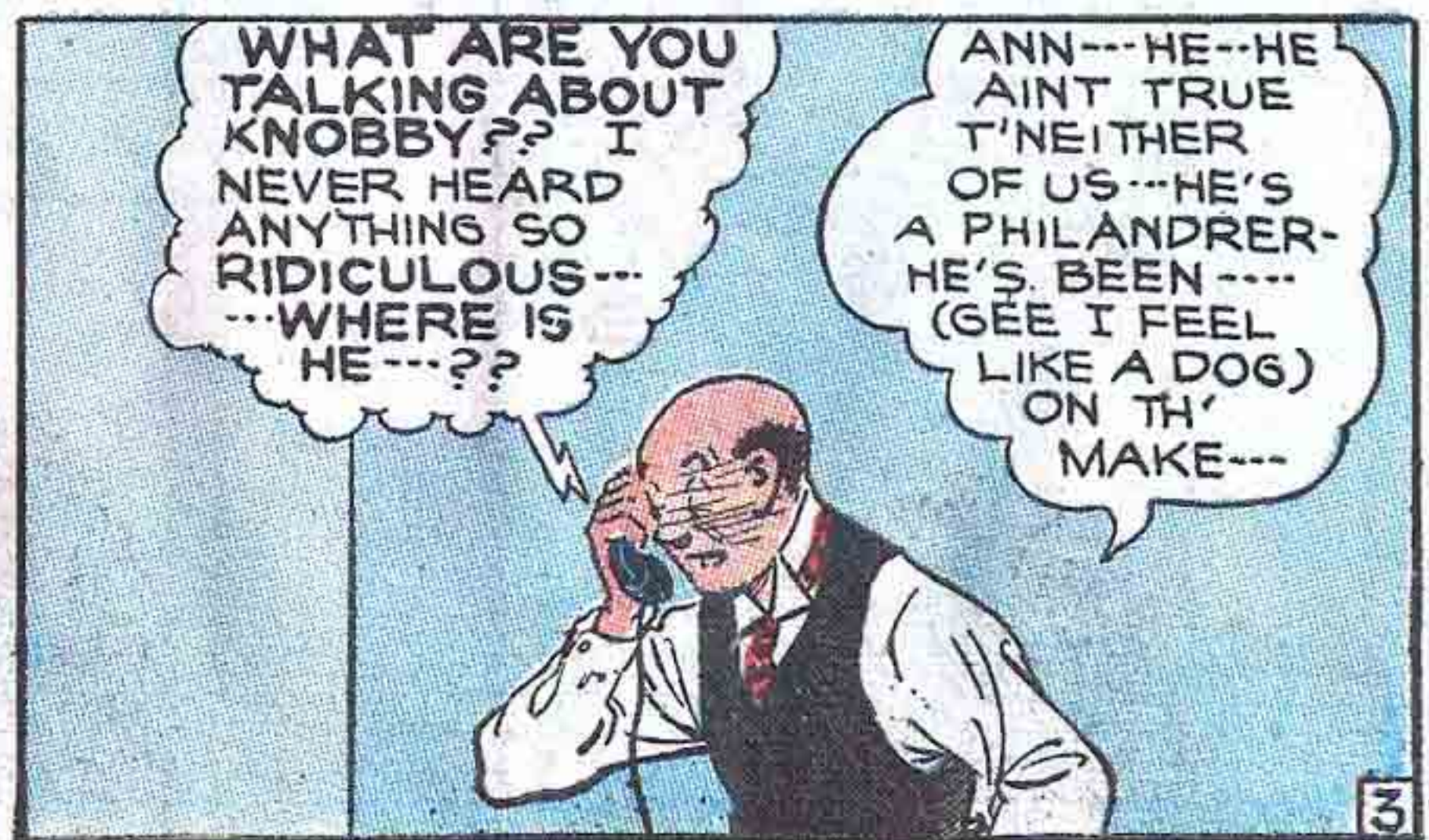
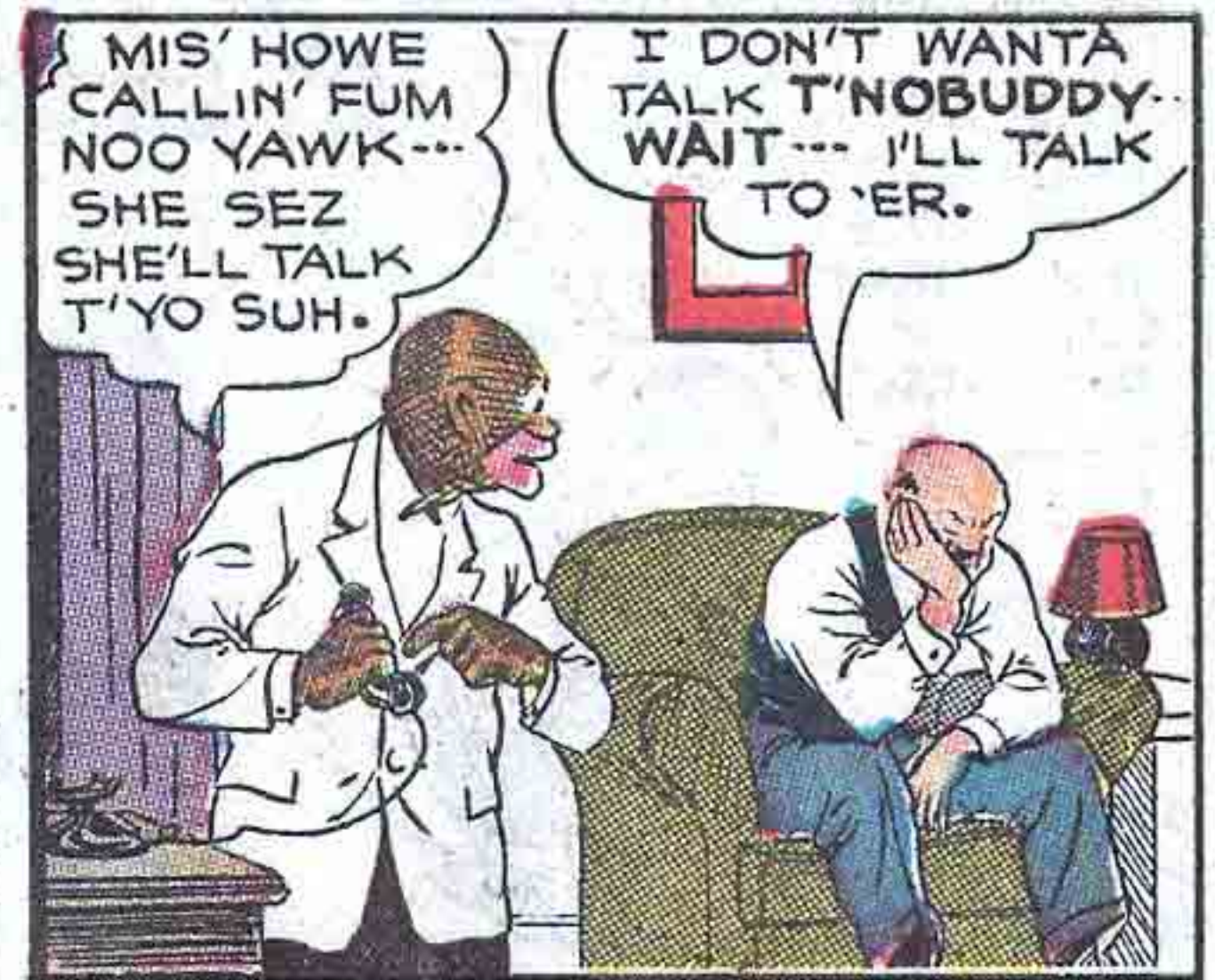
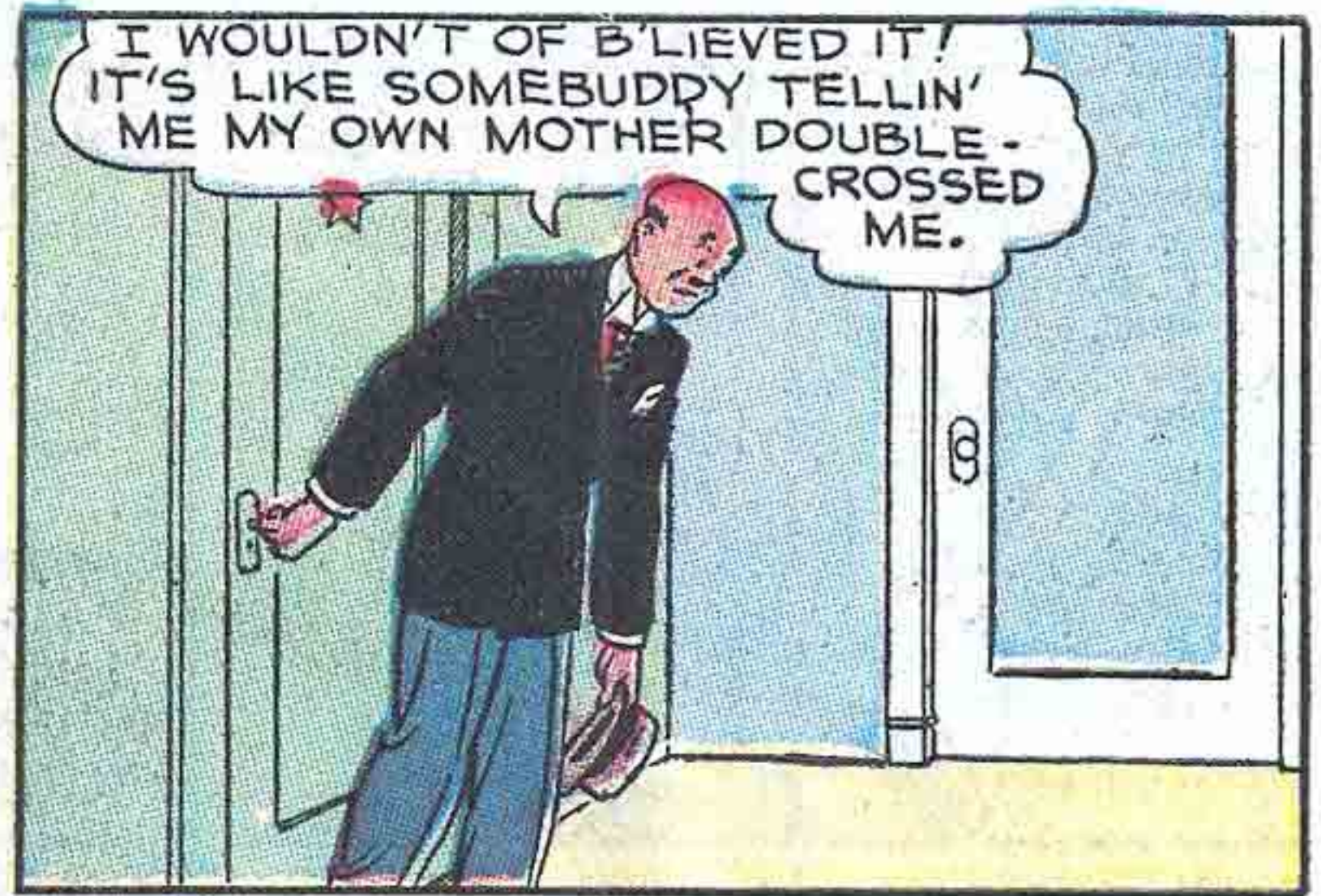


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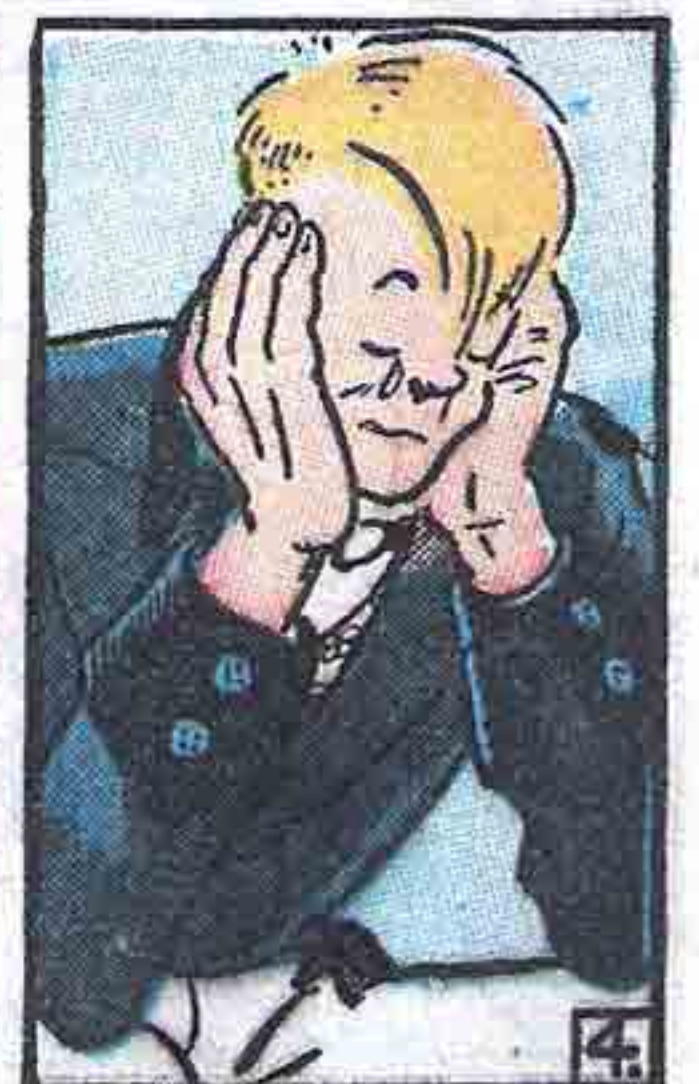
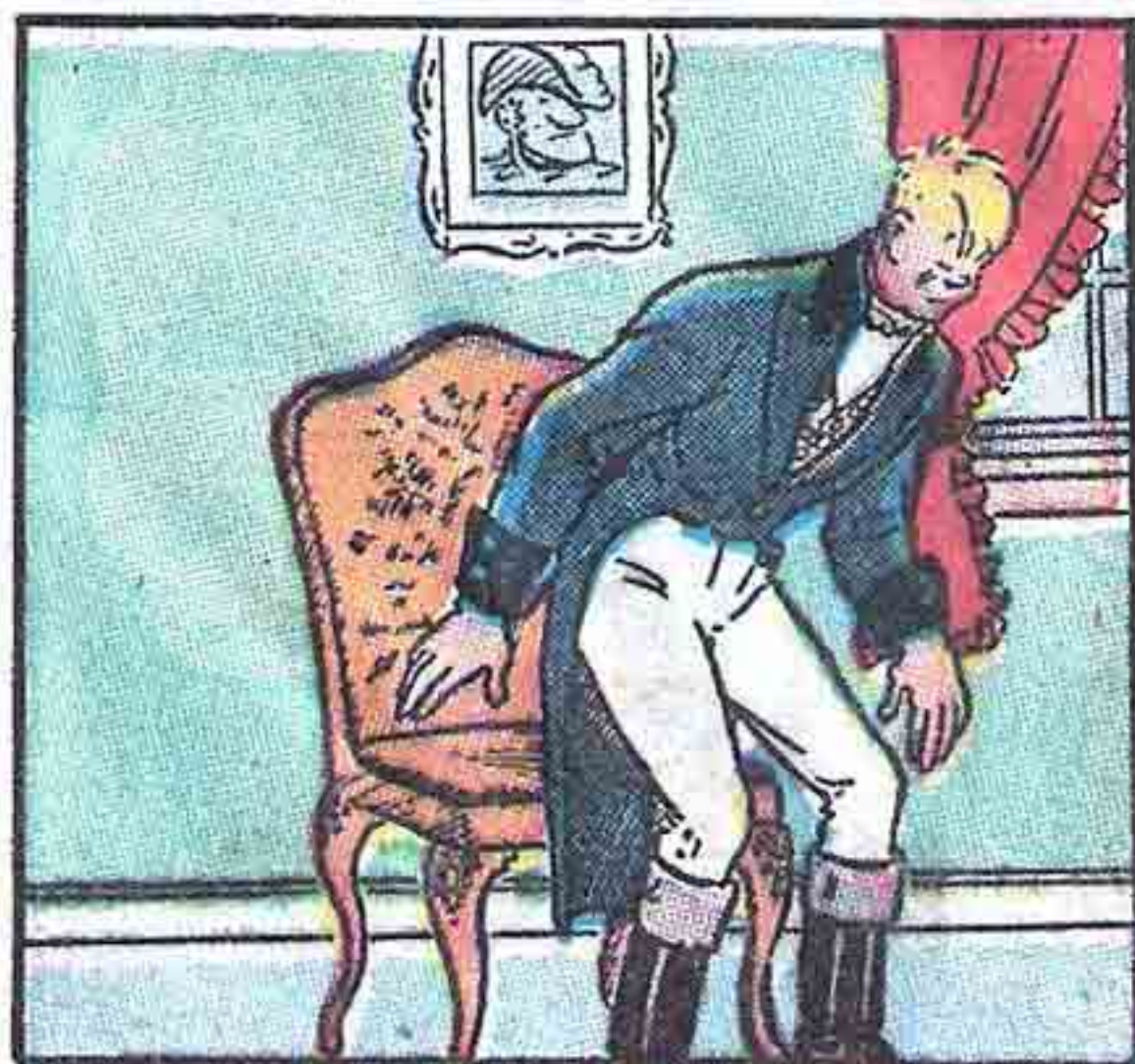
JOY'S IMAGINATION HAS BEEN WORKING. SHE NOW BELIEVES JOE MIGHT HAVE TOLD KNOBBY ABOUT HER CARRYING ON WITH DE LAN. SHE'S OUT TO PROTECT HER INTERESTS.



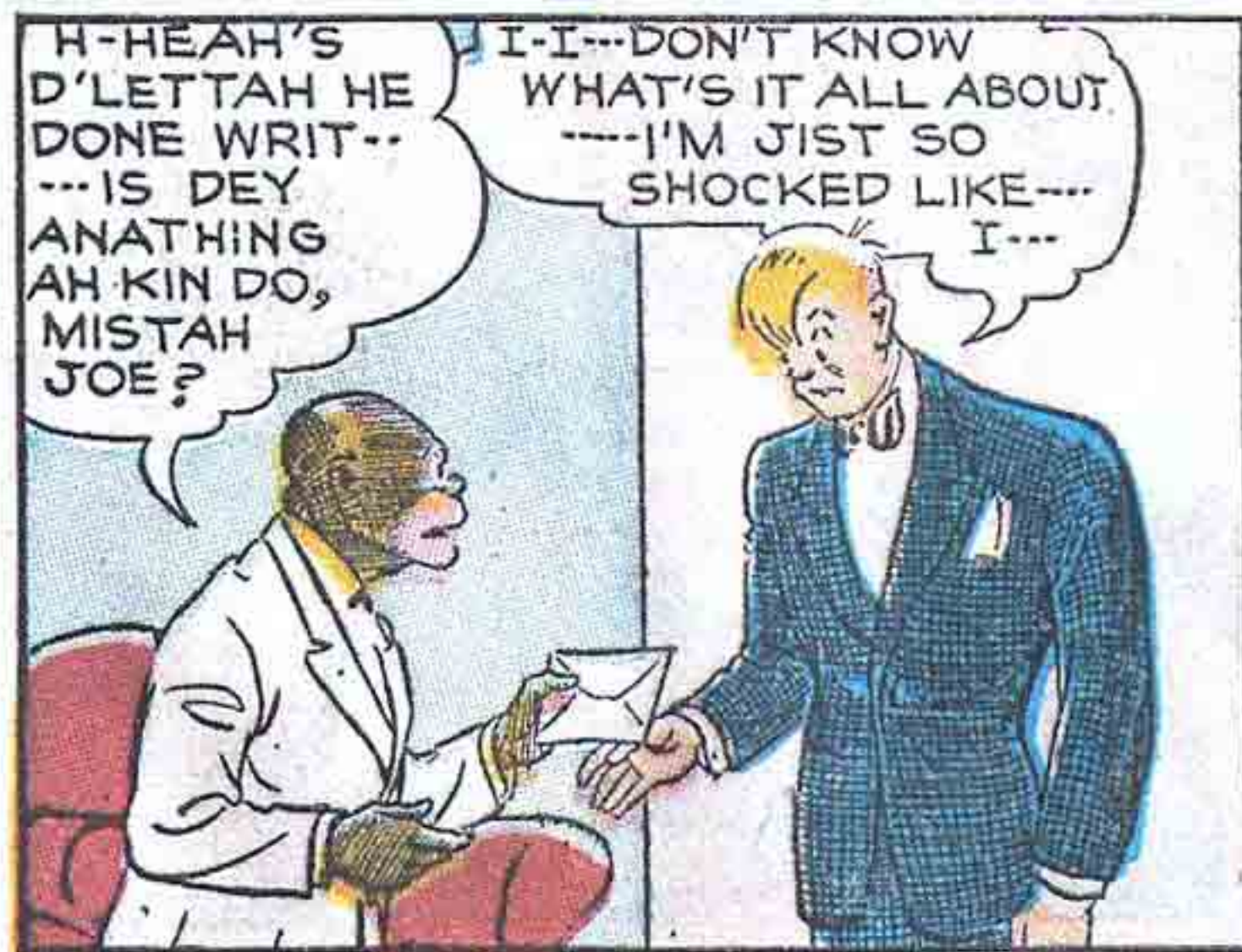
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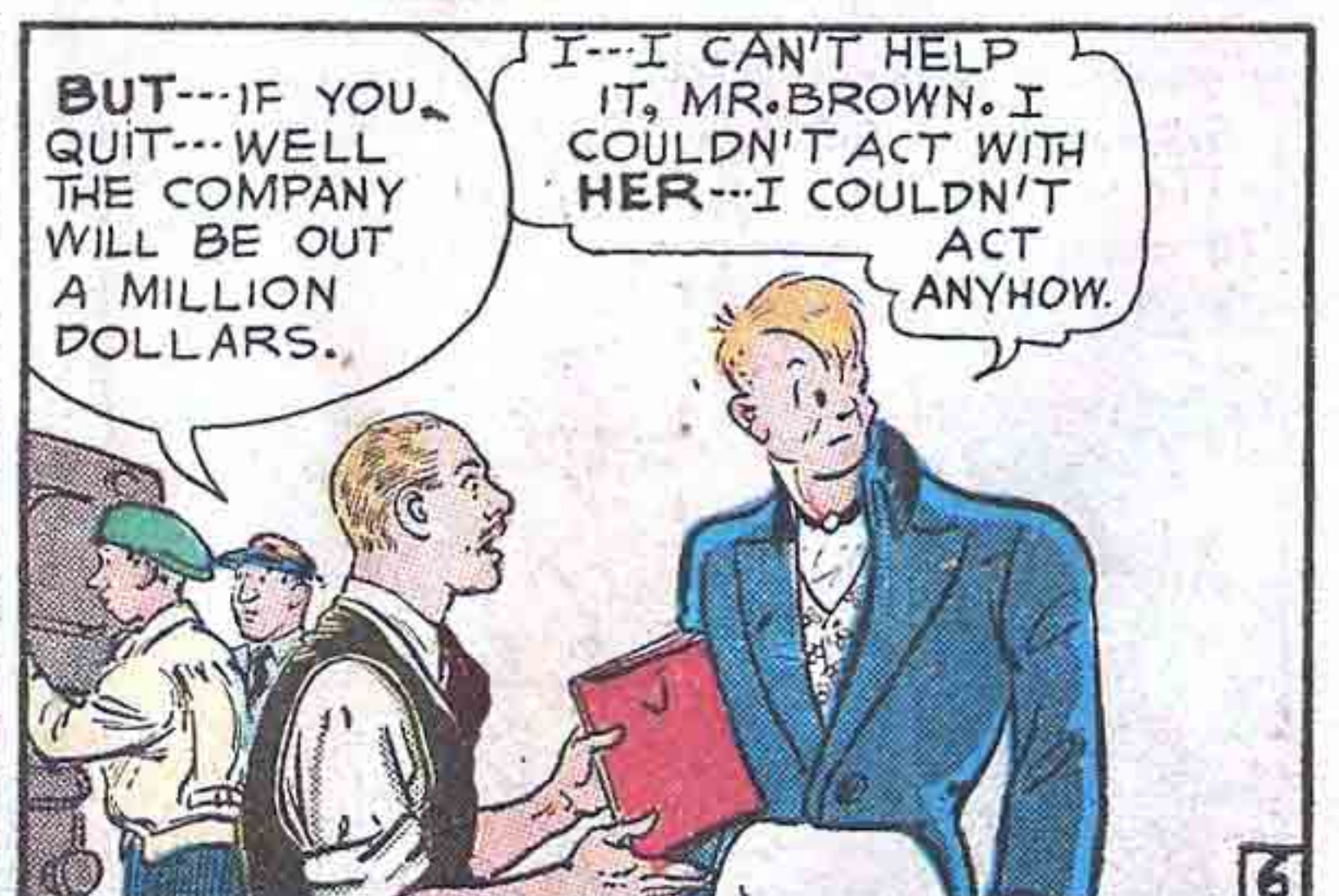
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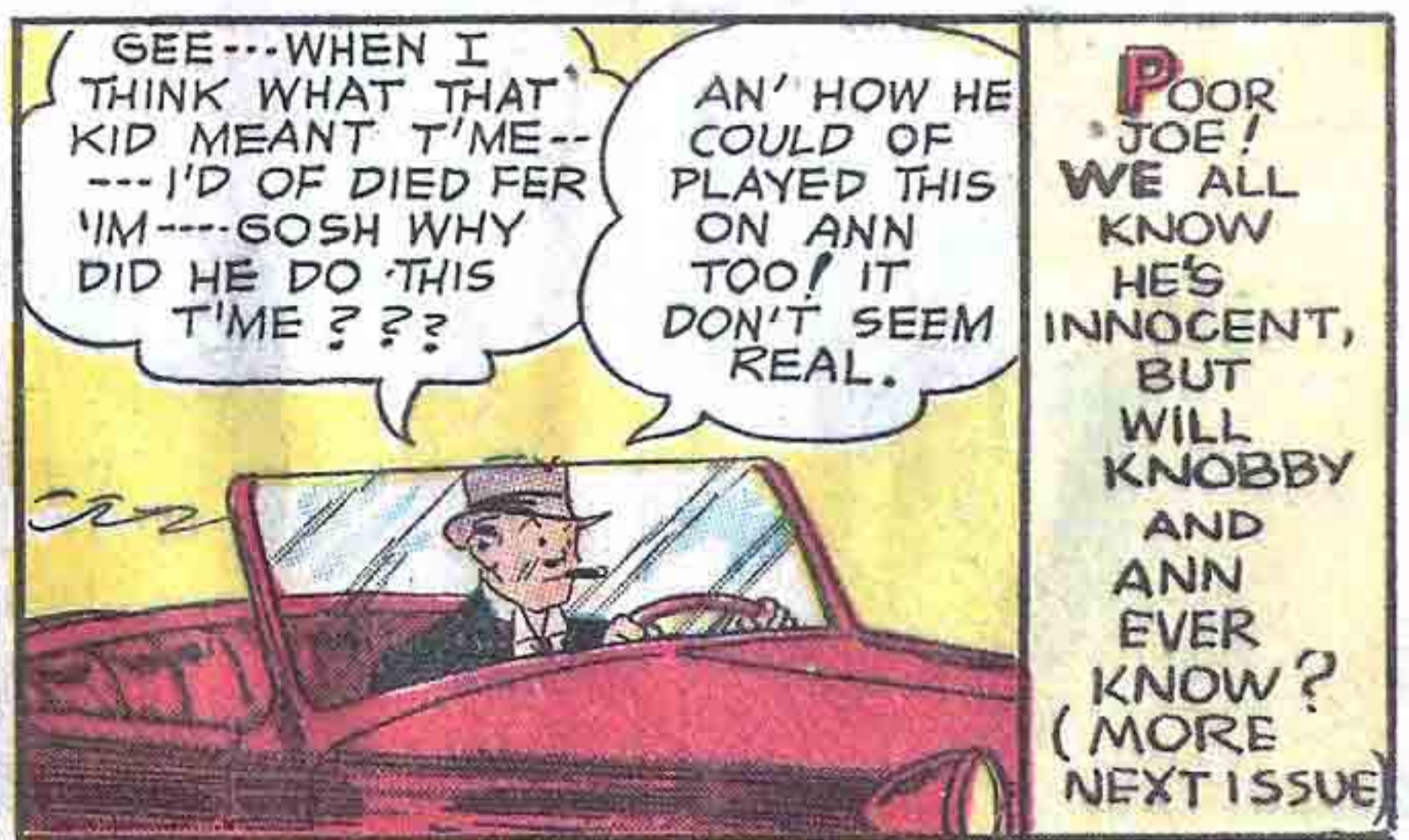
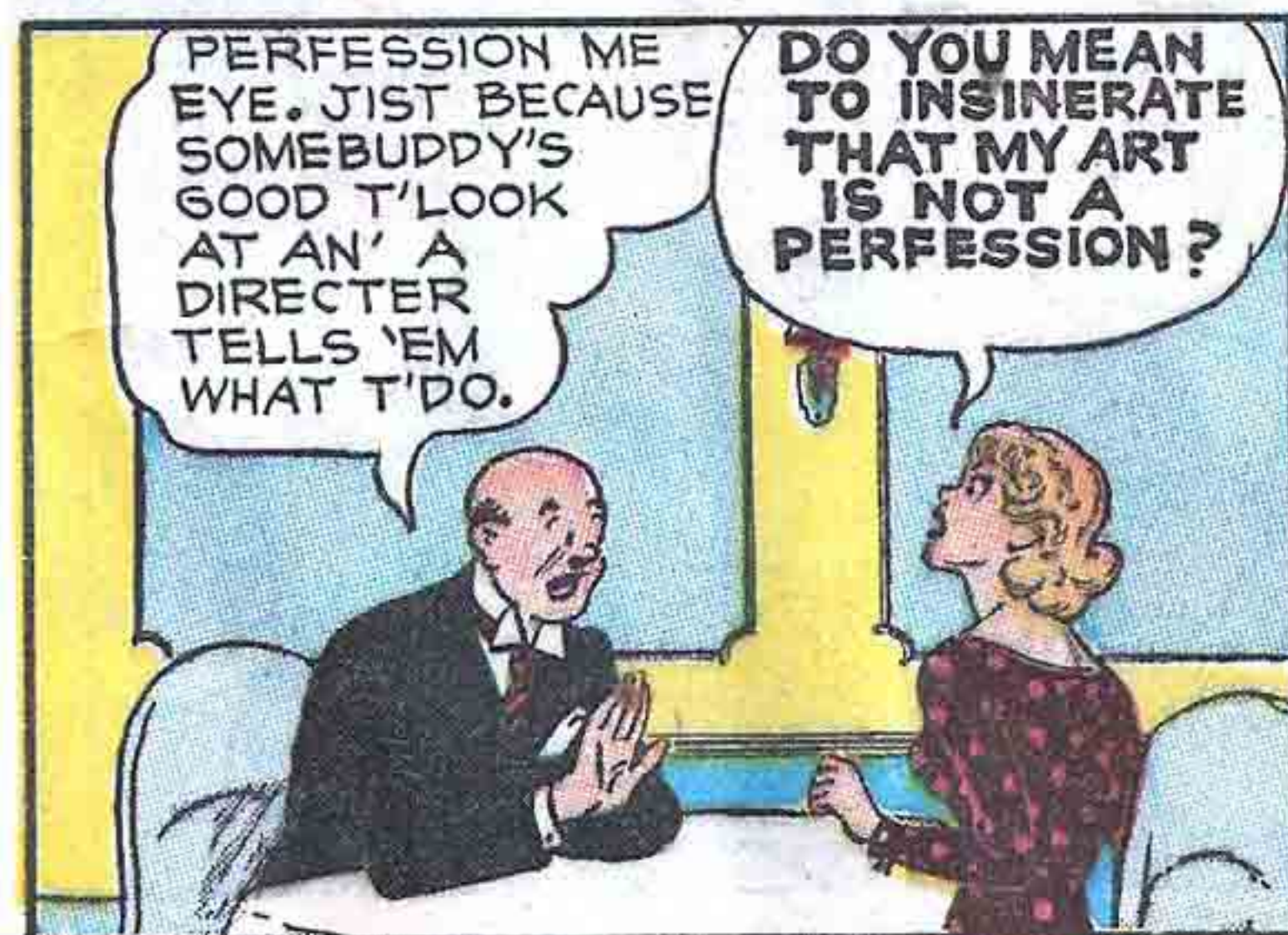
I dont never want to see you again. It aint only becuz I love her its to think youd be a low down double crosser. I told Ann an she feels the same. Im turning all your dough over to your mother becuz youd lose it But you an me is throo. Poor Joy she almost cried when she belt she hadda tell me how ya tried ta make love behind my back an beat up poor Delan outa jellosu. Git a nother one



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CHARLIE CHAN

by Alfred
Augusta

DESPITE STEVE CARSON'S INTER-CESSION FOR HIS SON, LADDIE, THE HAWK HAS SECRETLY ORDERED HIS MEN TO GET RID OF THE LAME BOY...

LET'S GO IN THE NEXT ROOM AND TALK THIS OVER!

THE HAWK SAYS THAT KID IS DANGEROUS-BUT WE MUSTN'T LET STEVE KNOW!

THEY'VE GONE OUT, BUT THE DOOR IS LOCKED, AND IT'S TOO HIGH TO JUMP FROM THE WINDOW!

THE FAT MAN FORGOT TO PUT ON HIS SHOES! - SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

I HAD THIS BOX OF SHOE POLISH IN MY POCKET! NOW WATCH!

WHY YOU'RE PUTTING THE POLISH ON THE SOLES AND HEELS OF HIS SHOES! HA-HA-HA!

SURE, I'M PUTTING POLISH ON THE SOLES AND HEELS! WHEN THAT FAT MAN GOES OUT, HE'LL LEAVE TRACKS!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

MAYBE SOMEBODY WILL SEE THE TRACKS AND THINK IT STRANGE!

IT SOUNDS LIKE FUN-OH, HURRY SOMEBODY'S COMING!

WE'D BETTER GET RID OF THE KID BEFORE STEVE GETS BACK! GET TH' CAR!

OKAY! WAIT'LL I PUT ON MY SHOES!

YOU'D BETTER TELL STEVE THE KID ESCAPED! HE'LL BE WILD!

I KNOW IT! I'LL TELL HIM SOMETHING PLEASANT!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

FIX IT SO YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ANYMORE!

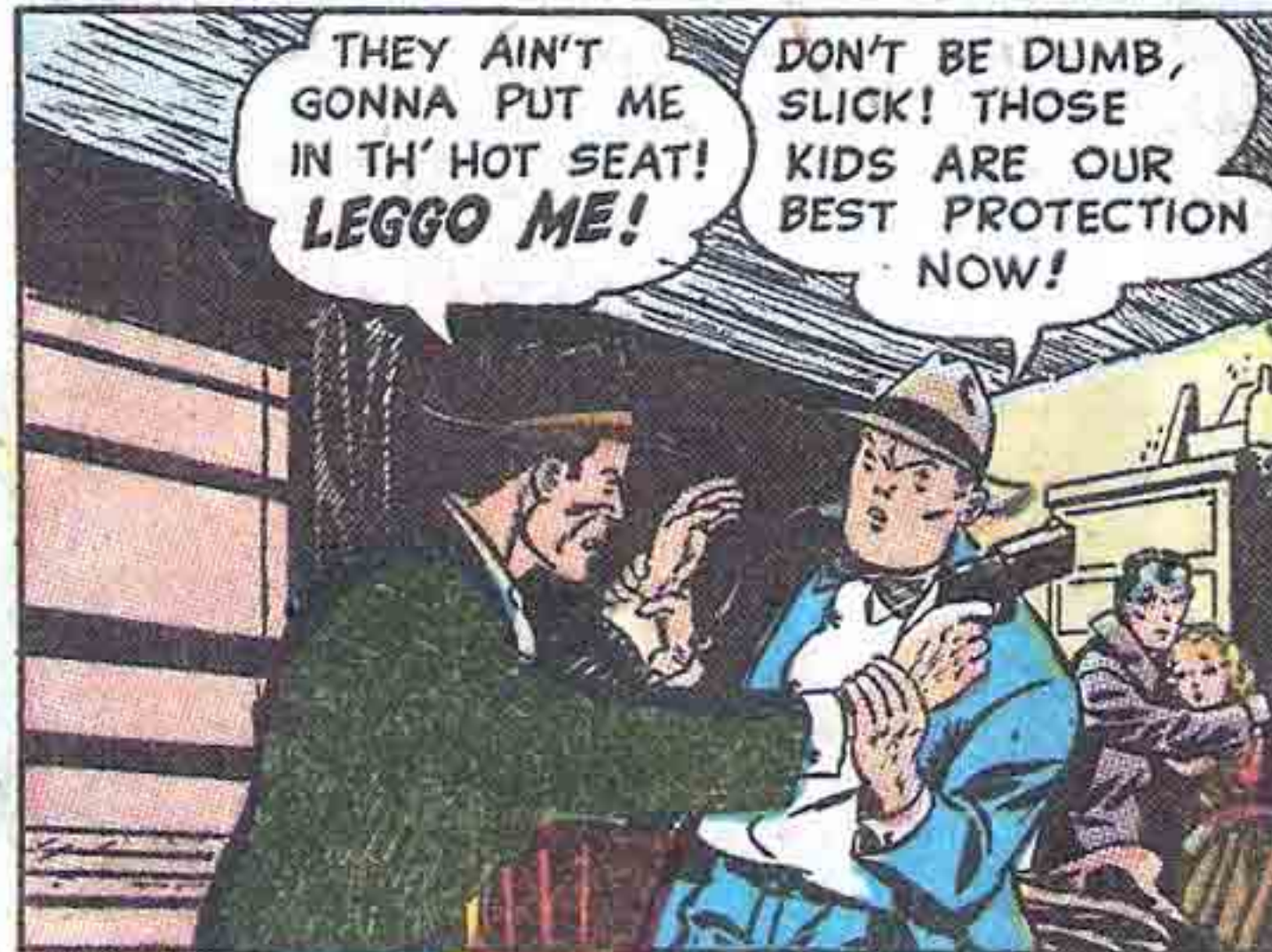
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\$250 000 FOR your daughter Sheila ALIVE
and un hurt
PUT answer in Tomorrow's
NEWS Personal COLUMN
will contact YOU
do NOT Call POLICE
The HAWK



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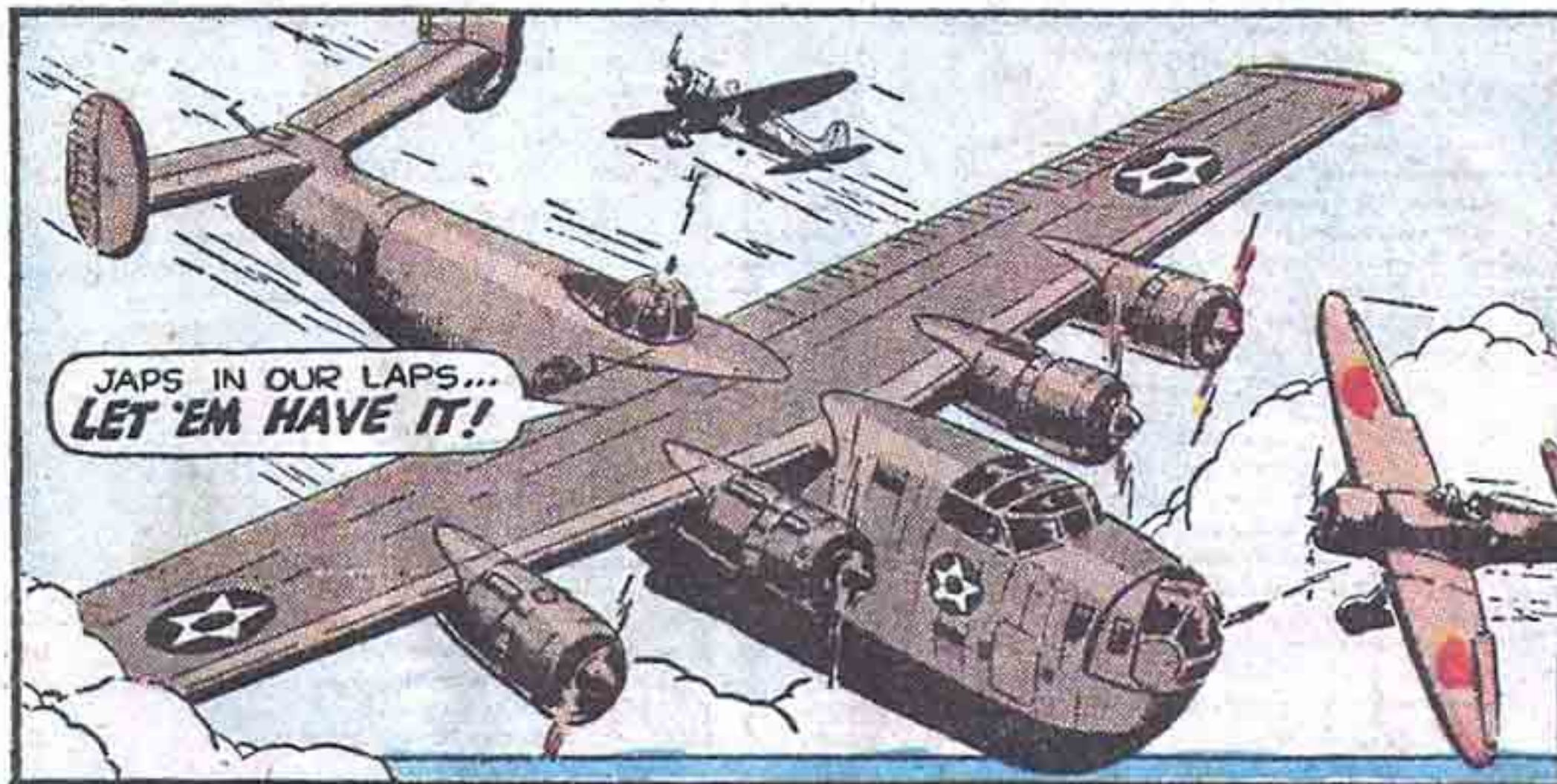
CAPTAIN YANK

By FRANK TINSLEY

BACK AT PALU ISLAND, THE ARRIVAL OF ALLIED REINFORCEMENTS LEAVES YANK AND HIS COMMANDO FREE TO GO ON TO SUMALI...



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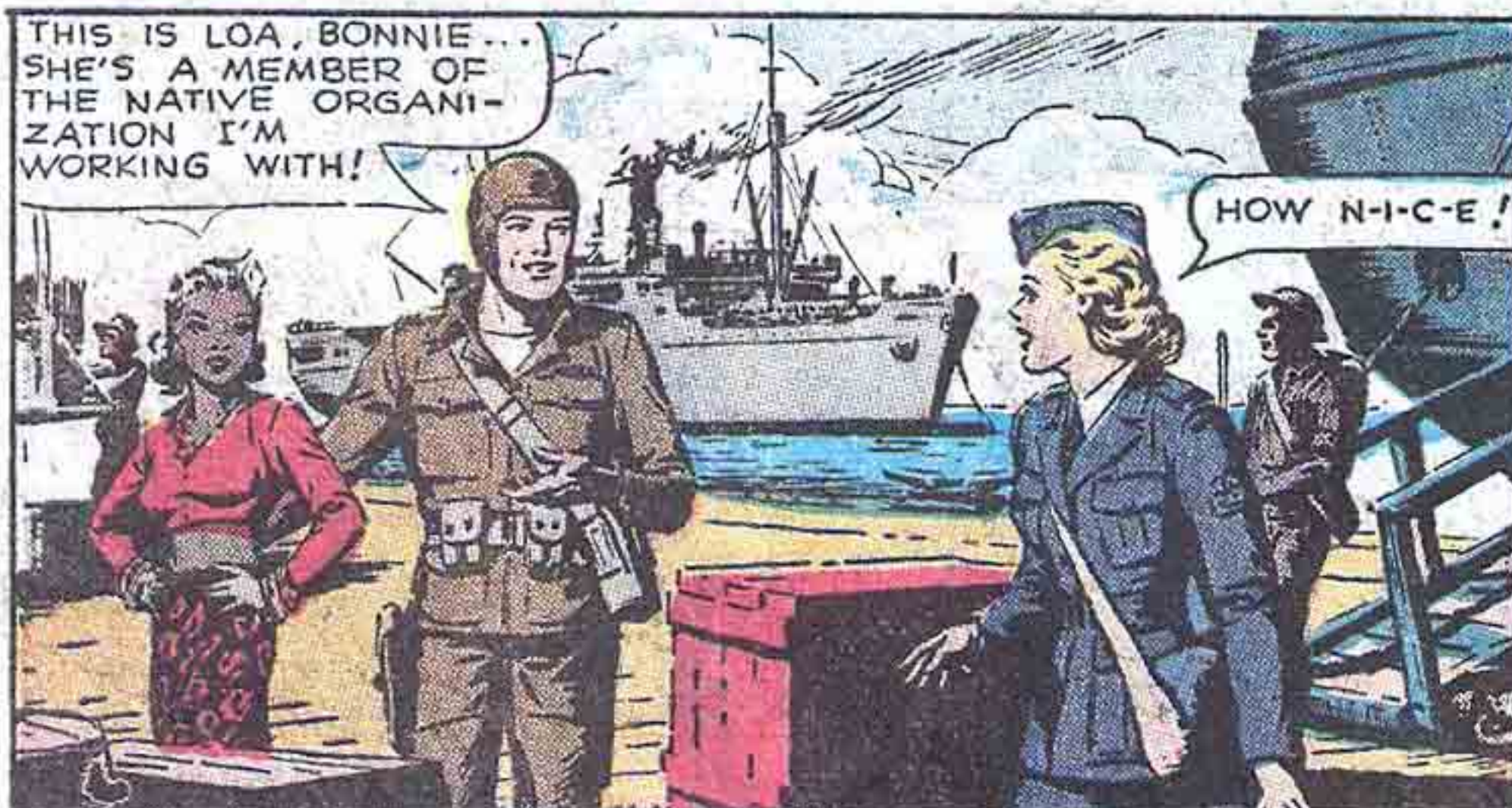
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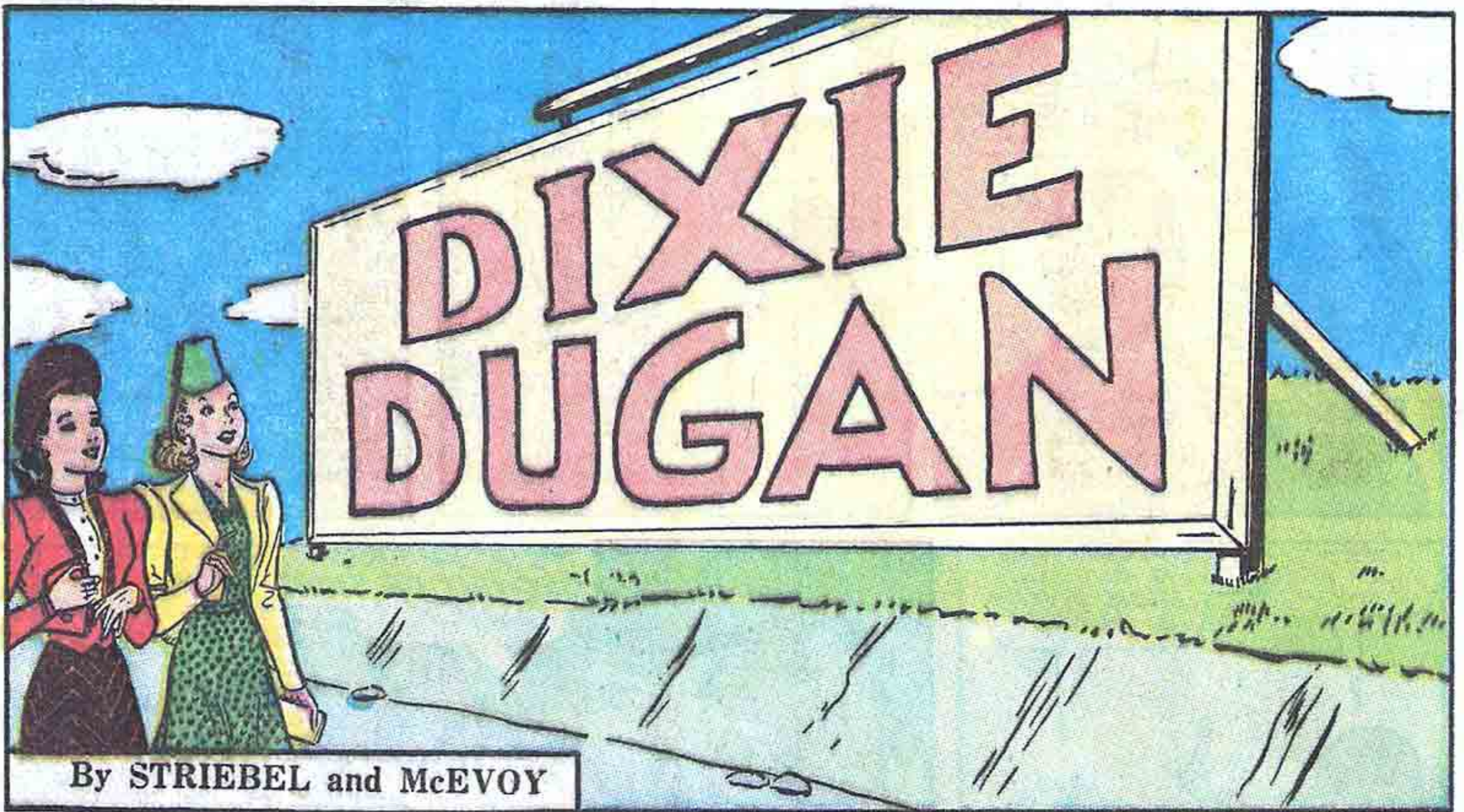


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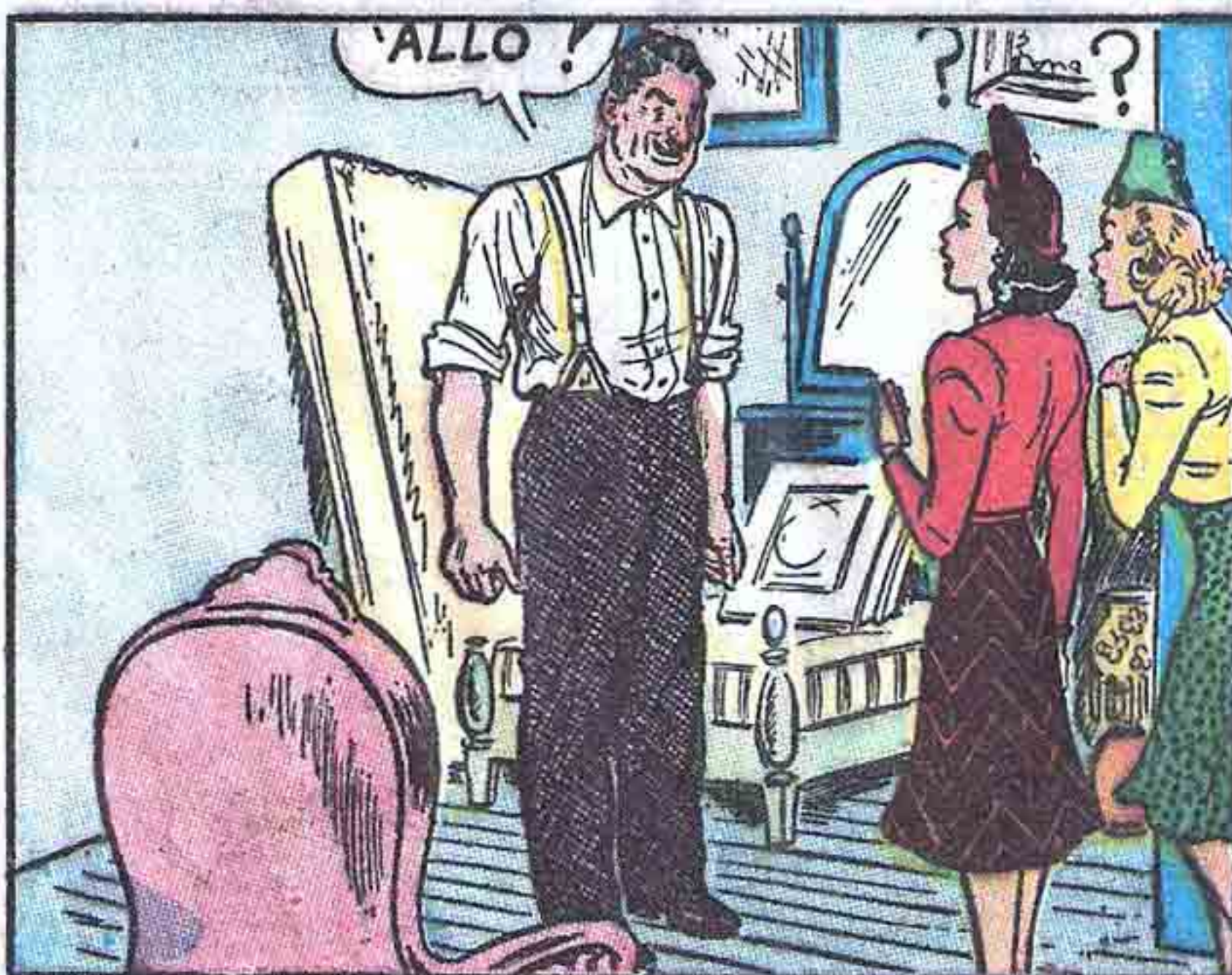
NEXT ISSUE:

"GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST THE **JAPS**"

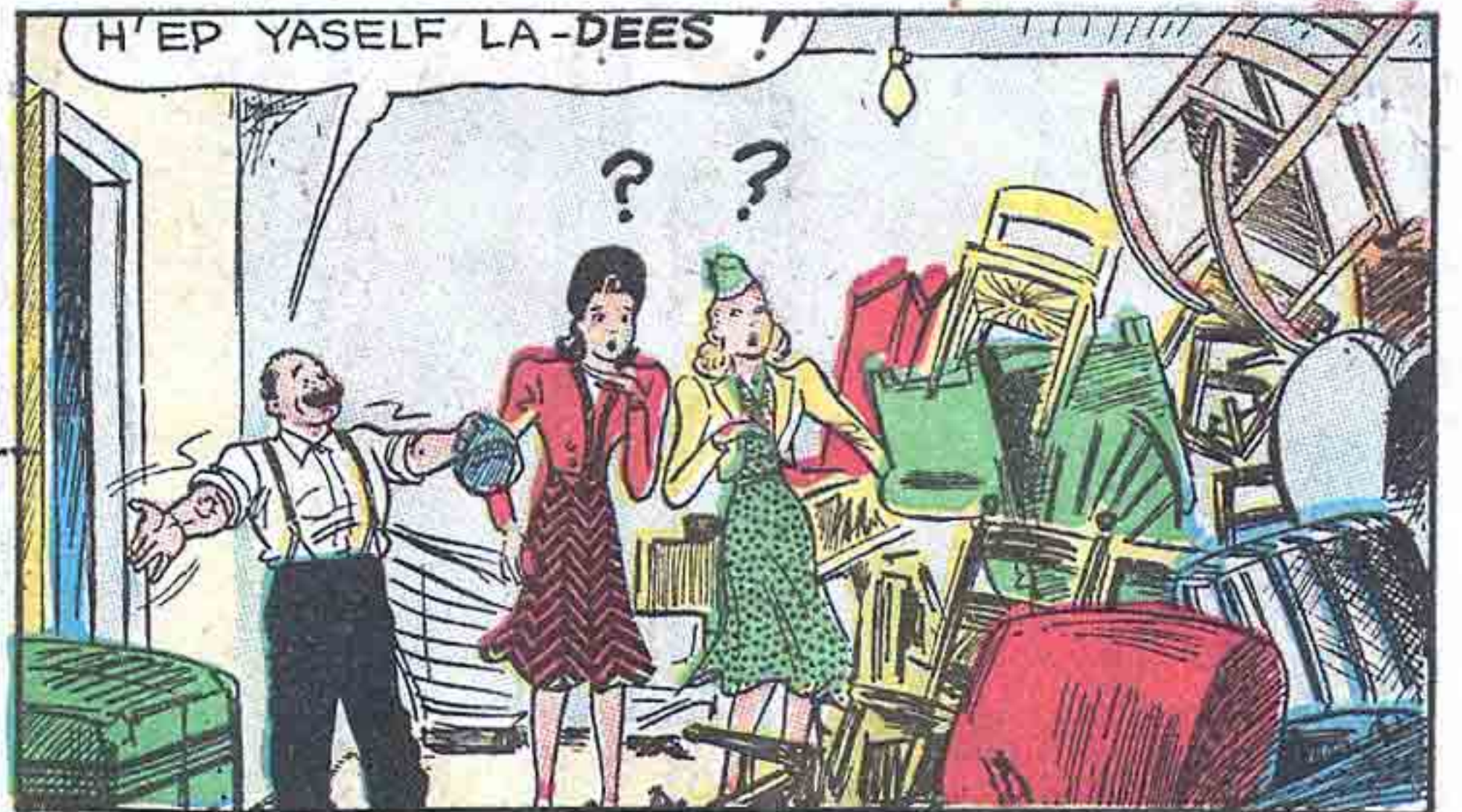
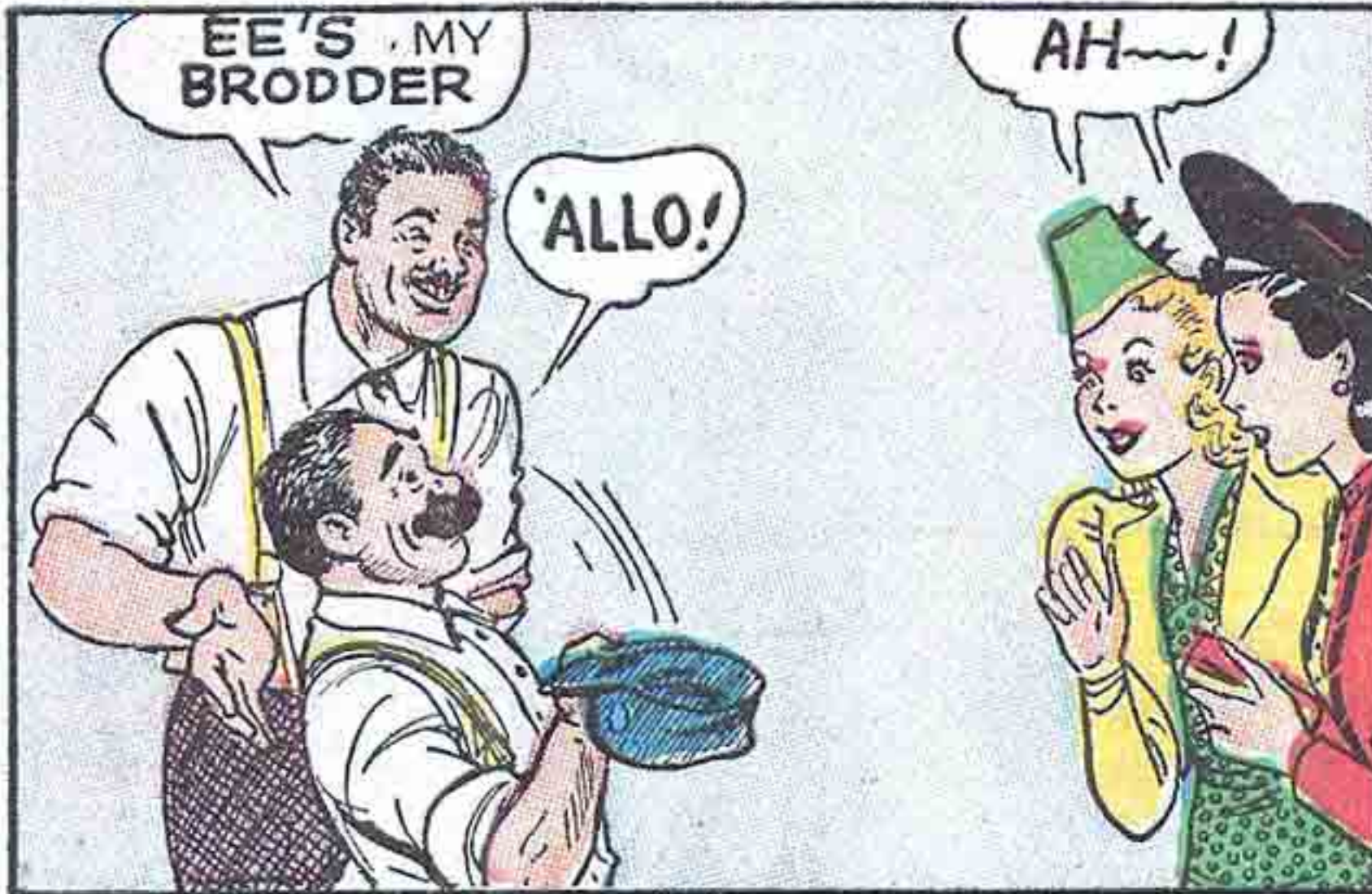
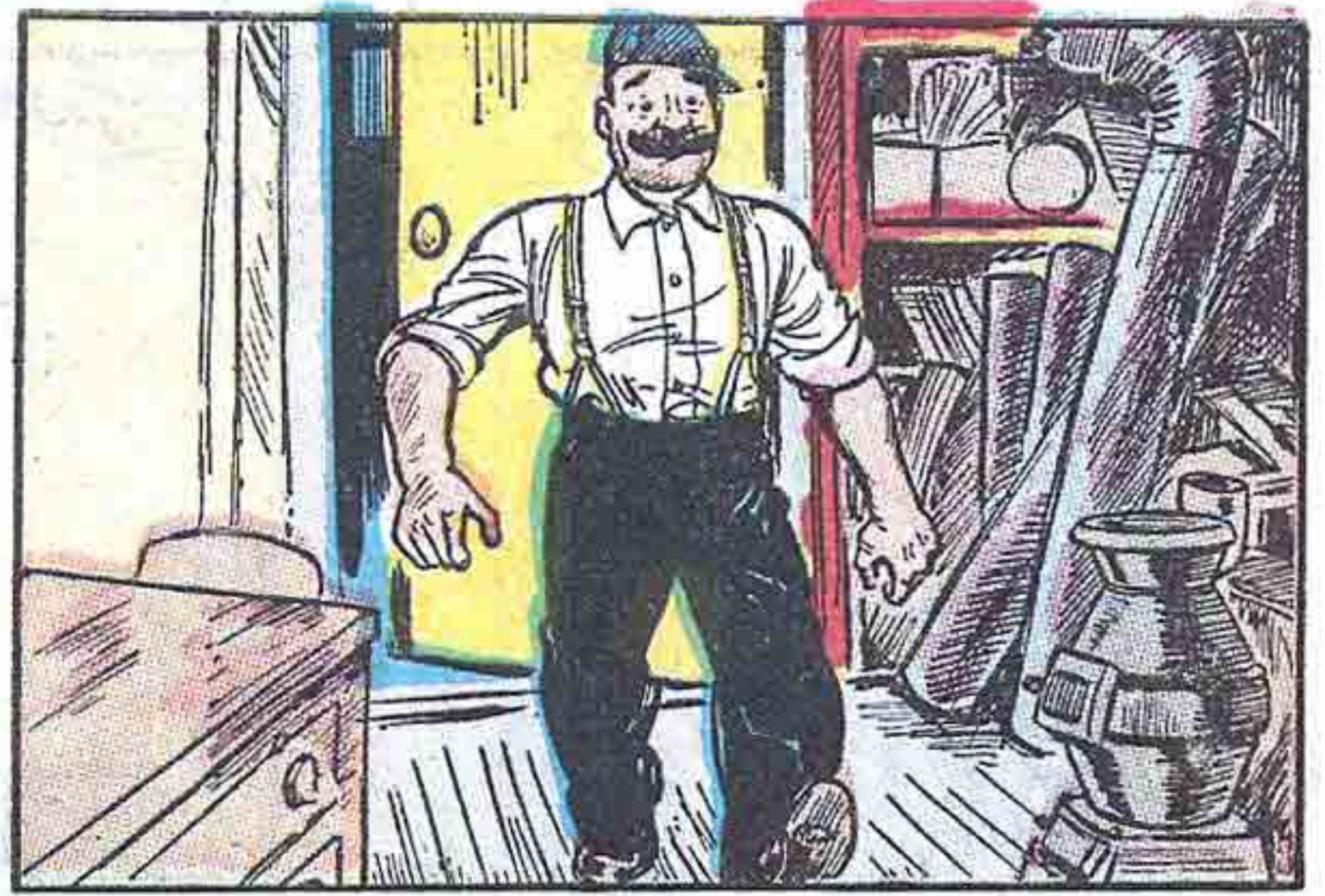


MA DUGAN SOLD PA'S OLD CHAIR TO A JUNK DEALER. HE HAS BEEN UNHAPPY EVER SINCE.

WHERE IS PA'S COMFORTABLE OLD CHAIR? THAT IS WHAT DIXIE AIMS TO FIND OUT!



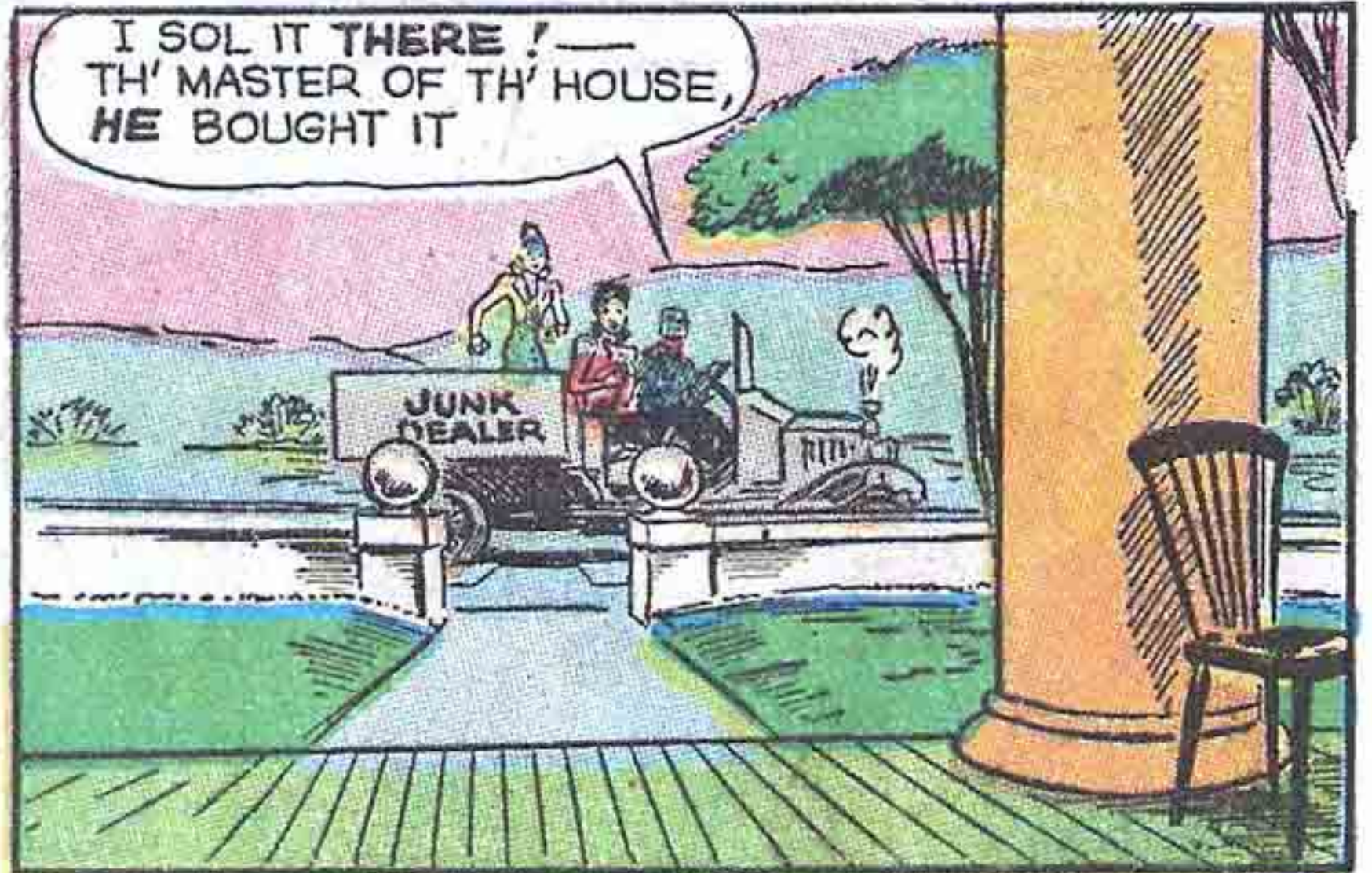
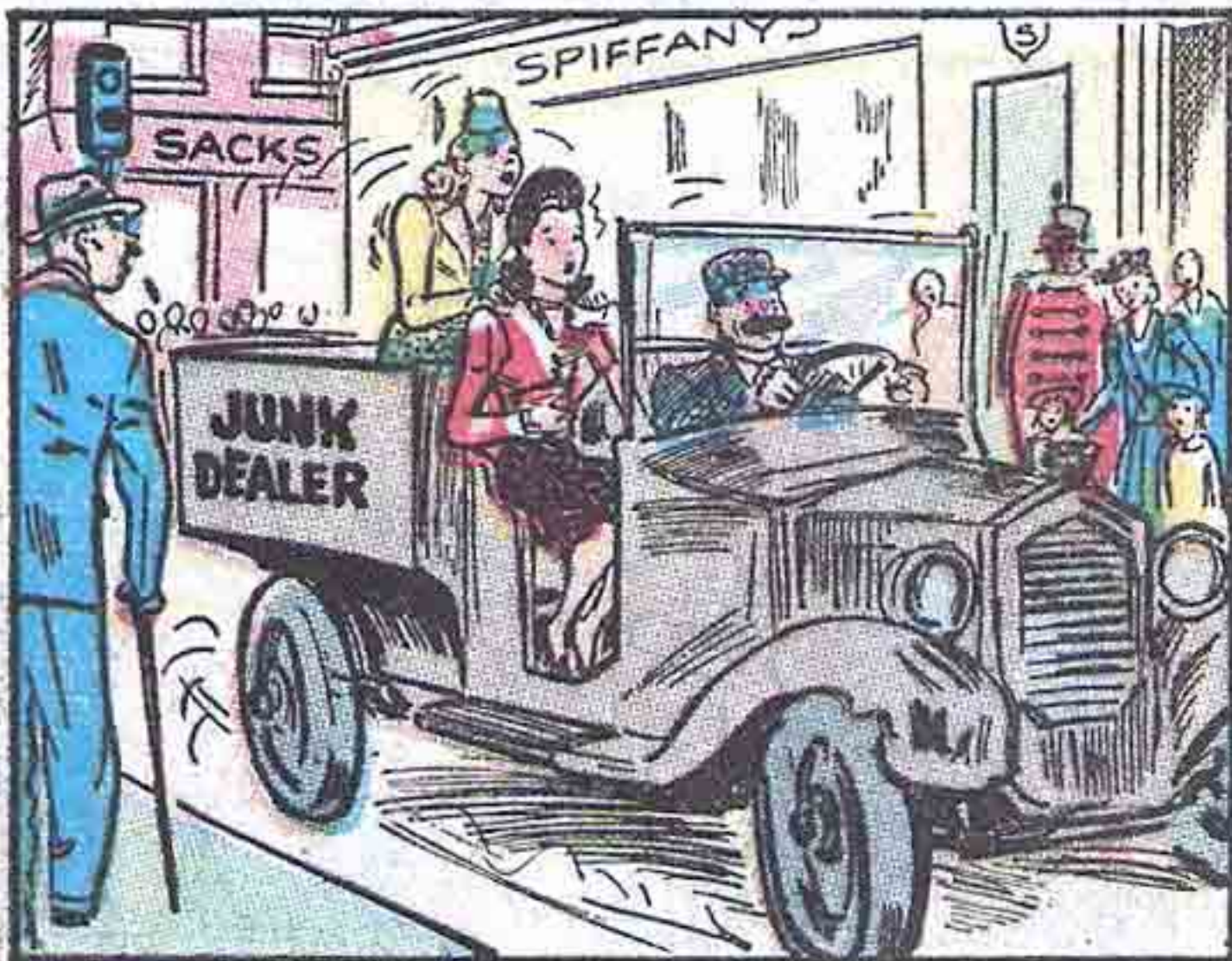
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SO DIXIE DESCRIBES PA'S FAVORITE OLD CHAIR



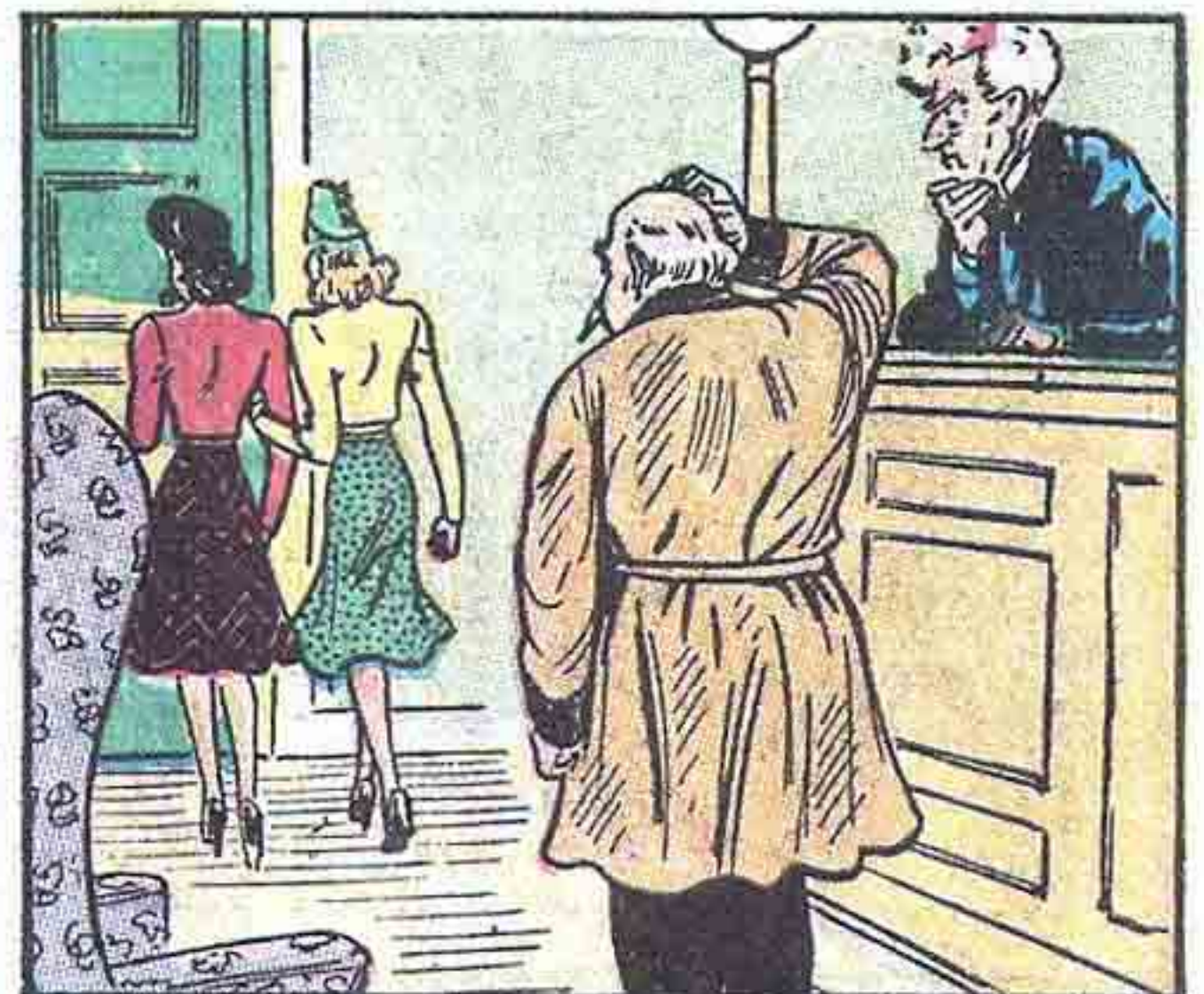
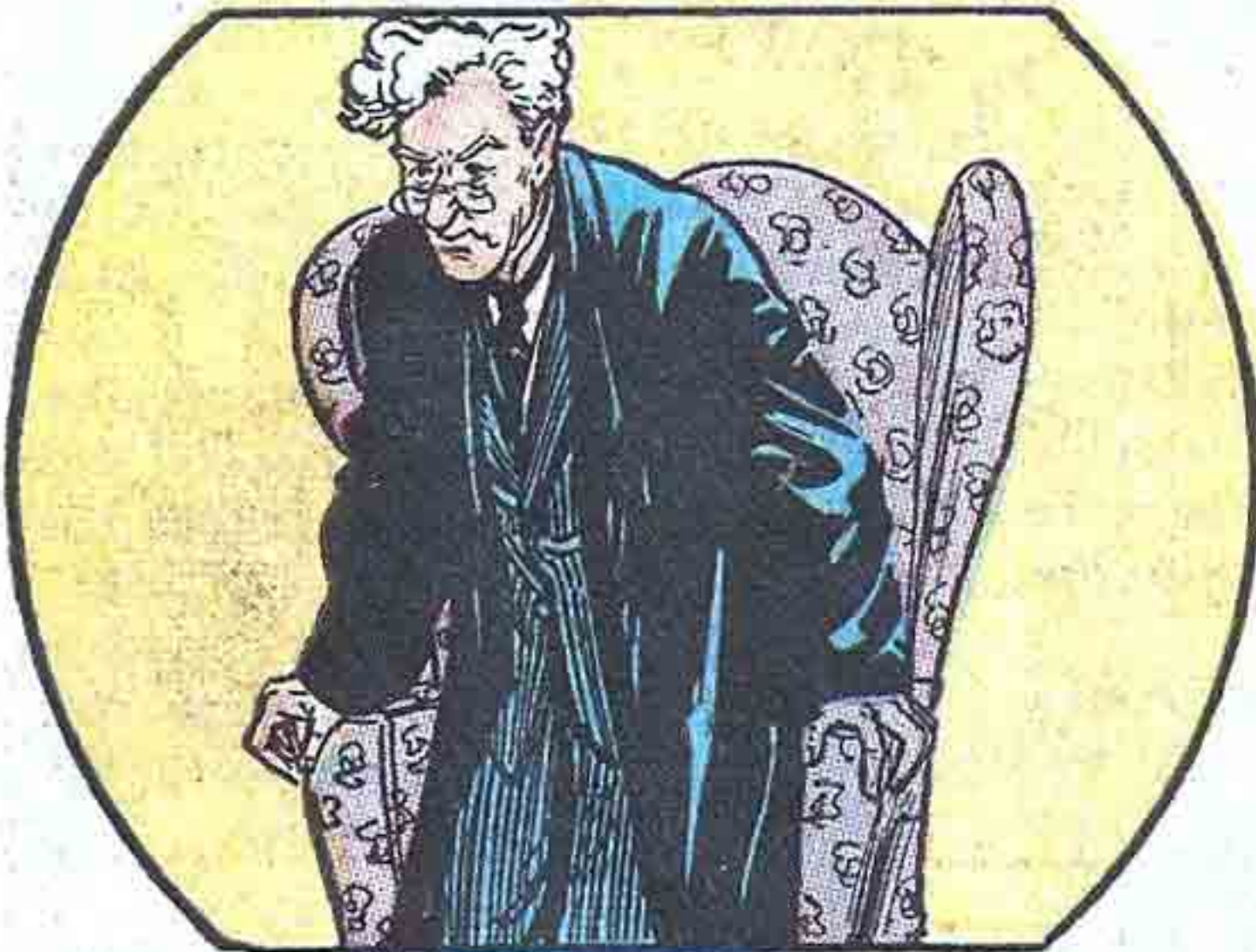
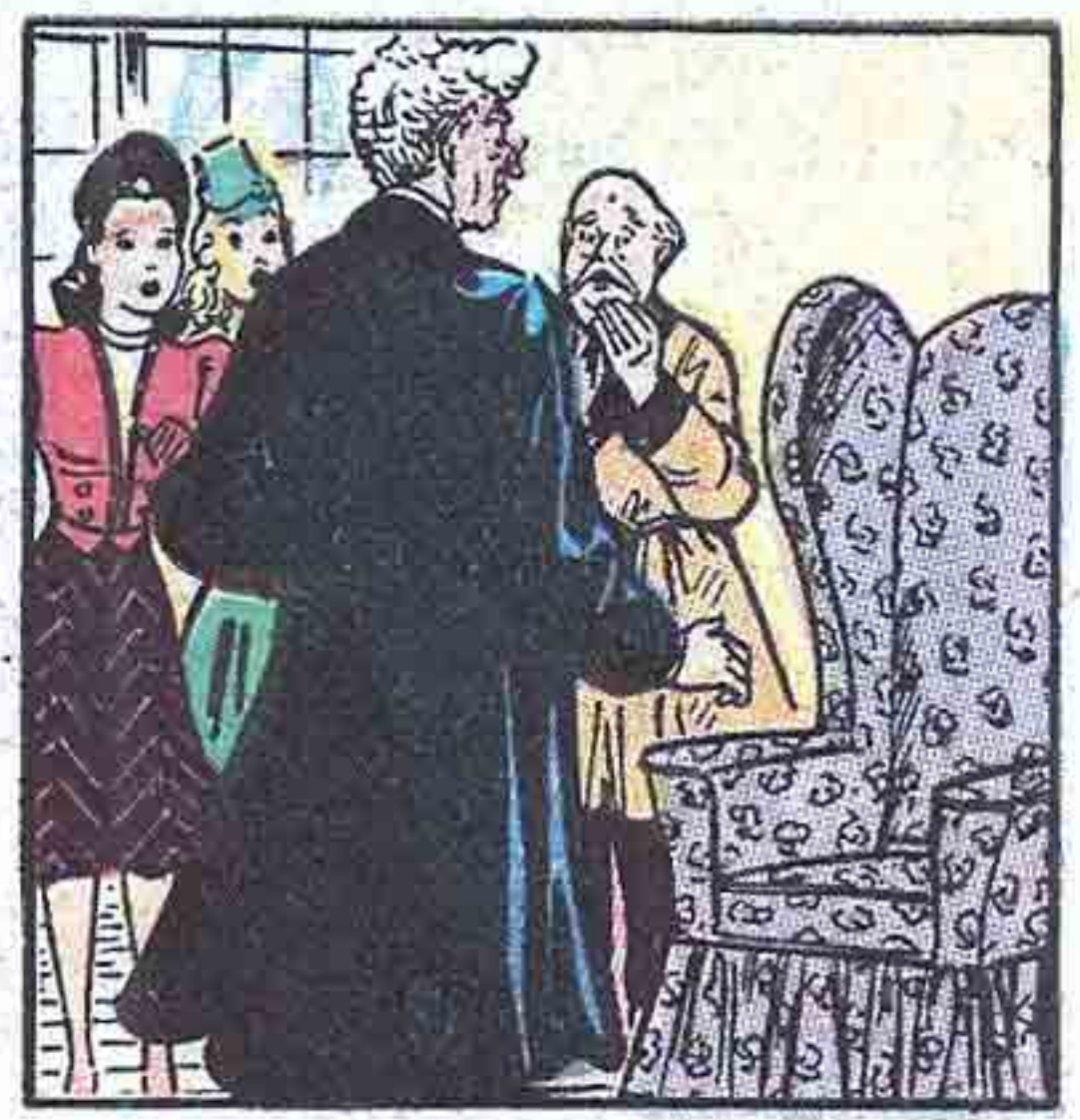
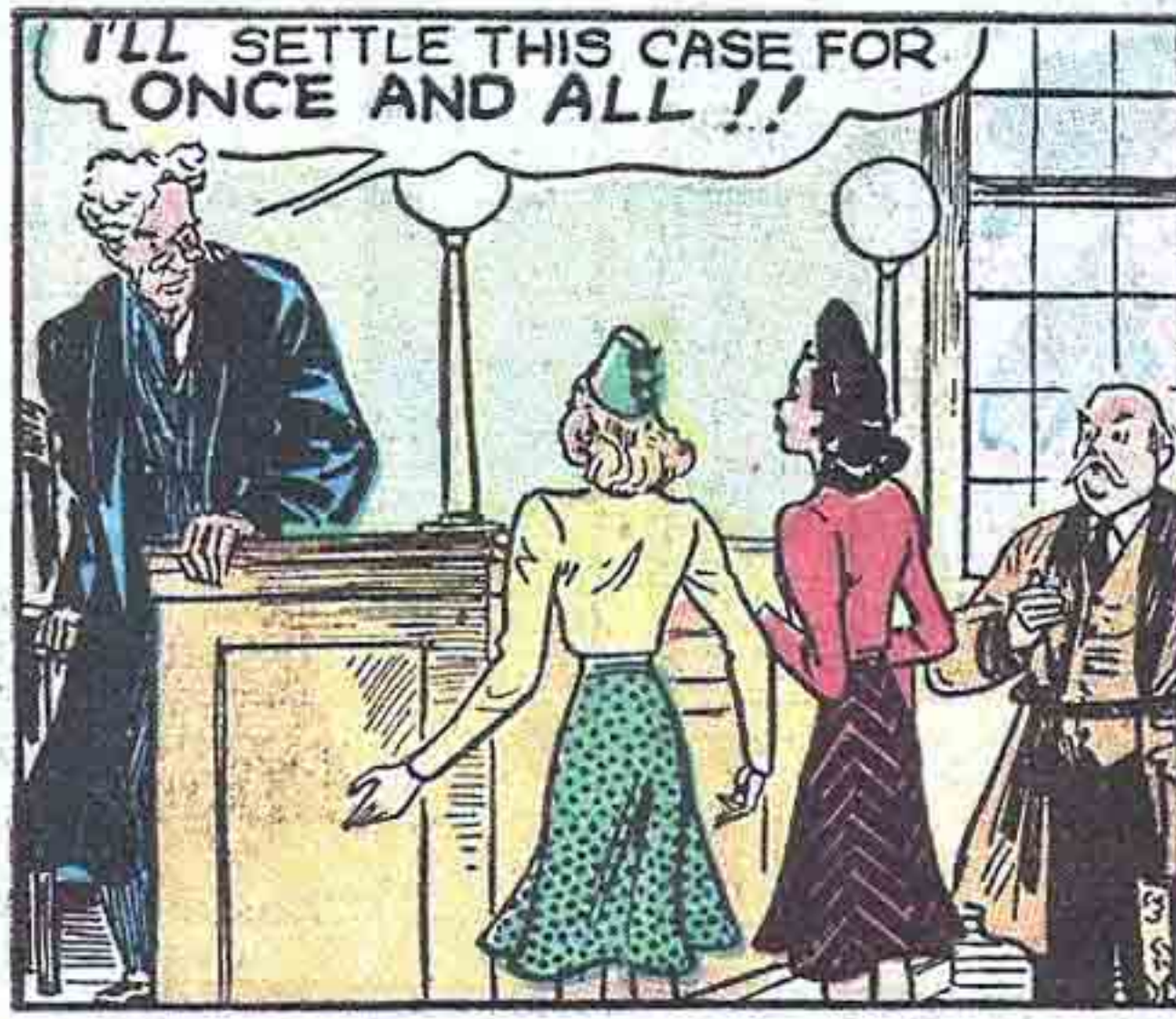
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DIXIE DUGAN APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

JARRING THE JAPS

SYNOPSIS: *Captain Everett Stone of the U. S. Navy and an authority on Japan's defense system, has been captured by the little men from Nippon. He is being held a prisoner on the island of Formosa. Navy Headquarters dispatches a submarine, with Captain Rogers in command, to rescue Stone. The task of slipping through the heavily patrolled Japanese waters is a ticklish one. With patience and skill it is accomplished, and in the dusk of a dying day the American sub rises to the surface off the coast of Formosa. That night, under the cloak of darkness, young Lieutenant Bill Walsh and a sailor companion by the name of Joe go ashore in a collapsible boat. Navy Intelligence has supplied them with the information of Captain Stone's place of confinement. Joe remains on the beach while Lieutenant Walsh climbs the side of a rugged mountain toward a flickering light. Minutes later he approaches a Japanese barracks. He studies the group of buildings, one of which must be Captain Stone's prison. In the darkness he steps forward and collides with another person—who swears at him in the Japanese language. . . .*

THE unexpected collision sent Walsh back several steps. He landed against a tree and waited for the other to make the first move. Silently he slid a razor-sharp knife from the sheath and held it steadily before him. Any attack from the unknown person would encounter the deadly, unwelcome point of this formidable weapon.

From the sound of the movements in the inky blackness, Walsh must have knocked the other person sprawling. The rustle of leaves and pebbles caused by the other's rising to his feet

was conclusive evidence of this supposition.

Bill Walsh decided that this particular moment called for immediate action. And being an impulsive and determined human being who follow through with an order as quickly as it was issued, he lowered his head and charged forward. Football training at Annapolis came into excellent use in this unusual maneuver. With all the power he could summon in his driving legs, he again came in contact with his unseen enemy.

His second collision with America's armed forces that night was something a nameless Japanese sentry will recall to his dying day—if, indeed, that day has not already been reached. Somewhat stunned by his first encounter, he picked himself up from the ground—only to have a round, hard object hit him squarely in the midriff with all the deadening force of a fourteen inch shell. Quite silently he toppled to the earth for the second time and remained there motionless.

Walsh rubbed the top of his skull tenderly. "Guess that'll teach you not to call the American Navy names."

With knife in hand, Walsh again pressed forward in the darkness. Many minutes passed before he actually saw the numerous difficulties that confronted him. Hundreds of soldiers, more than he expected to find stationed in this desolate outpost, crowded the barrack streets. In addition, the entire camp was enclosed by a ten-foot barrier of treacherous barb-wire. And at all approaches two heavily armed guards kept a constant vigil, pacing back and forth with rifles on their shoulders.

"Maybe somebody tipped them off that I was coming," Walsh commented to himself. "One thing

is certain—I'll have to find a back-door entrance to this Japanese establishment."

He surveyed the scene before him. The encampment, practically square in shape, had been planned in such a fashion that three sides faced out over the sea on the rounded elbow of the rugged peninsula. What could be called the fourth side was nestled against the jagged rocks and boulders that rose for a hundred feet or more to form the sharply irregular spine of the mountainous chain. These huge rocky formations offered the Japanese a protective wall. Nevertheless, several of the buildings in the barracks stood very close to this wall—and it was in that particular area that Bill Walsh decided to carry out his daring scheme of a one-man invasion.

On the outer fringe of dim light from the barracks, Walsh circled the camp. He reached the towering granite side and scampered back of gigantic boulders till he reached a gnarled oak whose branches stretched over the wall of tangled barb-wire. With the agility of a monkey, he climbed the tree and crawled out on a sturdy limb. The knife he now carried in his mouth, pirate style.

Directly beneath him was the roof of a stone-constructed building. From its size and general appearance it obviously housed the commanding officer and his staff. The tents and smaller structures of the ordinary soldiers had been built with fan-like precision in front and on both sides of this building.

Walsh dropped from the tree onto the roof. He crouched and sneaking to the front, peered over the ledge. Below two Japanese soldiers stood stiffly at attention. At that moment a door swung open and three officers marched quickly out; in the faint light Bill could see that their faces were grim and set. Without exchanging a word among themselves, they continued down one of the barrack streets and then entered another building.

"I've got a hunch this is the place I'm looking for," Bill reflected. He hurried to the rear section of the roof and made an examination of his surroundings.

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Here the wall of the building was solid and unbroken save for a single doorway and a small barred window.

Bill climbed over the roof ledge, held himself for a moment by his finger tips and then dropped to the ground. The shadows here were quite deep and offered good protection. Silently he approached the door and tried the latch. He was more than surprised when it yielded to the pressure he applied.

HE clenched his knife and shoved the door open farther. He heard no sound and met no opposition. The room within was empty and poorly illuminated by a flickering, yellow oil lamp. On one wall was hung the Japanese flag; beneath it were rows of polished swords and sabers. This was evidently the officers' dressing room.

Across the room was another door, reenforced with bolted strips of steel. An imposing metal lock gave the impression of a vault or prison door. "Maybe that's just what it is—a prison," murmured Walsh, approaching it. Suddenly, he halted in his steps and listened.

In the front part of the building came the sound of marching feet—from the tread Walsh was convinced it was a single person. He hurried to the side of the door and flattened himself against the wall. In one hand he held the knife; with the other he lifted his automatic and gripped it in readiness.

The door opened and a Japanese soldier entered. He walked across the room and turned up the oil lamp. In his hand he grasped a thick leather whip, studded with metal thongs. "Nice fellow, this gent," thought Walsh, advancing silently behind the yellow man.

Walsh raised his arm and brought the butt of his automatic down in one swift, powerful gesture. The Jap grunted and fell senseless to the floor—Walsh waited, hoping no one in the building heard the sound. Seconds ticked by and then he crossed the room to the metal-strengthened door. He slid the heavy iron bolts back and tugged the door open.

The room was in darkness but Walsh spotted the white-clothed figure of a man sprawled in a corner. He hurried to the man's side, knelt and turned him over.

"Captain Stone!" he gasped. Then he lifted the unconscious naval officer and carried him out into the other room. For a moment he rested the captain on a chair. And then it was that Walsh saw the man's condition—clothing ripped and torn and stained with the blood of a hundred slashes. Walsh's eyes traveled to the leather whip on the floor and his lips curled with hatred.

Conquering an impulse to give vent to his rage, he again lifted Captain Stone to his shoulder and passed out through the rear door. He stood for a moment in the darkness contemplating his next move. Before him was the barb-wire fence; it would be almost impossible to scale it with the additional burden of Captain Stone.

At the end of the building Walsh espied a motor vehicle, similar in design to the popular "jeep" used by the U. S. Army. Lips compressed, he thought quickly and made a lightning decision. He propped Captain Stone against the wall and ducked back into the house. In less than five minutes he emerged dressed in the Japanese uniform of the whip-carrying soldier.

Two Japanese guards were visibly surprised when the commanding officer's car approached them. Nevertheless, they stood rigidly at attention as the car swung past them and disappeared into the night.

Walsh, at the wheel of the car, raised his lowered head and breathed a vast sigh of relief. He glanced back into the rear section where Captain Stone's form lay huddled on the floor. "Well, so far so good," he remarked.

But the words scarcely left his lips when it seemed as though the entire Japanese camp was blasted into life. Powerful searchlights suddenly knifed their beams through the darkness and the ominous ring of shouted orders filled the night air. "Sounds like they've discovered you're missing, Captain," Walsh said to the unconscious officer. "Guess we'll

have to make ourselves scarce!"

He leaped from the car, lifted Stone to his shoulder and set off through the rocky formations. He reached the steep side of the mountain and started down. Somewhere on the beach below he could count on a little assistance; he knew that his sailor friend, Joe, must be spending anxious minutes wondering what had happened. And he knew, too, that somewhere in the water offshore Captain Rogers and his submarine were impatiently awaiting his return.

Walsh tripped, stumbled and staggered down the precipitous slope—how he ever managed to reach bottom without falling with Captain Stone was a thing he would never attempt to explain. But reach the bottom he did, breathless and exhausted and with every muscle in his body taut and strained by the ordeal.

Joe rushed to his side and took Captain Stone in his arms. Then into the rubber boat they went and shoved off for the submarine. On the mountain side high above them, the activity of the searching Japs became more intense. But the powerful paddle strokes of Joe carried them further from shore. . . .

They bumped the side of the submarine and strong, eager hands reached down and assisted them aboard. Walsh watched as they lifted Captain Stone down the hatch and a warm glow of satisfaction filled him—it was inspiring and comforting to know that Captain Stone and he and all the members of the crew were integral parts of one of the finest organizations in the world.

Captain Rogers came to his side and shook his hand heartily. "You performed a splendid task, Lieutenant—congratulations."

The smile on Walsh's face was a happy one. "I wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars, Captain. I always get a kick out of swatting Japanese beetles!"

And while the searching parties of those Japanese beetles combed the mountain-side for their valuable prisoner, the American submarine disappeared beneath the black waters of the China Sea and headed eastward toward the Pacific.

THE END

ROCKY RYAN



MY NAME USED TO BE HECTOR THORNE IN THE OLD DAYS. NOW IT'S ANY-THING I CAN THINK OF, BECAUSE I'M A BRITISH SPY!



BY DARING RAIDS INTO NAZI-HELD HOLLAND, NORWAY AND FRANCE, THE BRITISH COMMANDOS HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES A BITTER THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE NAZI SWASTIKA. WITH THEM FIGHTS ROCKY, DROPPING FROM THE AIR OR LEAPING FROM THE SEA, GRIM, DANGEROUS, DEADLY...

"I CAME TO HOLLAND SEARCHING FOR THE CREW OF AN R.A.F. RE-CONNAISSANCE PLANE THAT HAD CARRIED VITAL INFORMATION TO THE ALLIED CAUSE. IT HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN"

JUMP CLEAR OR YOU'LL FOUL YOUR ROPES!



"THE AVIATORS LANDED, AND RACED FOR A NEARBY WINDMILL."

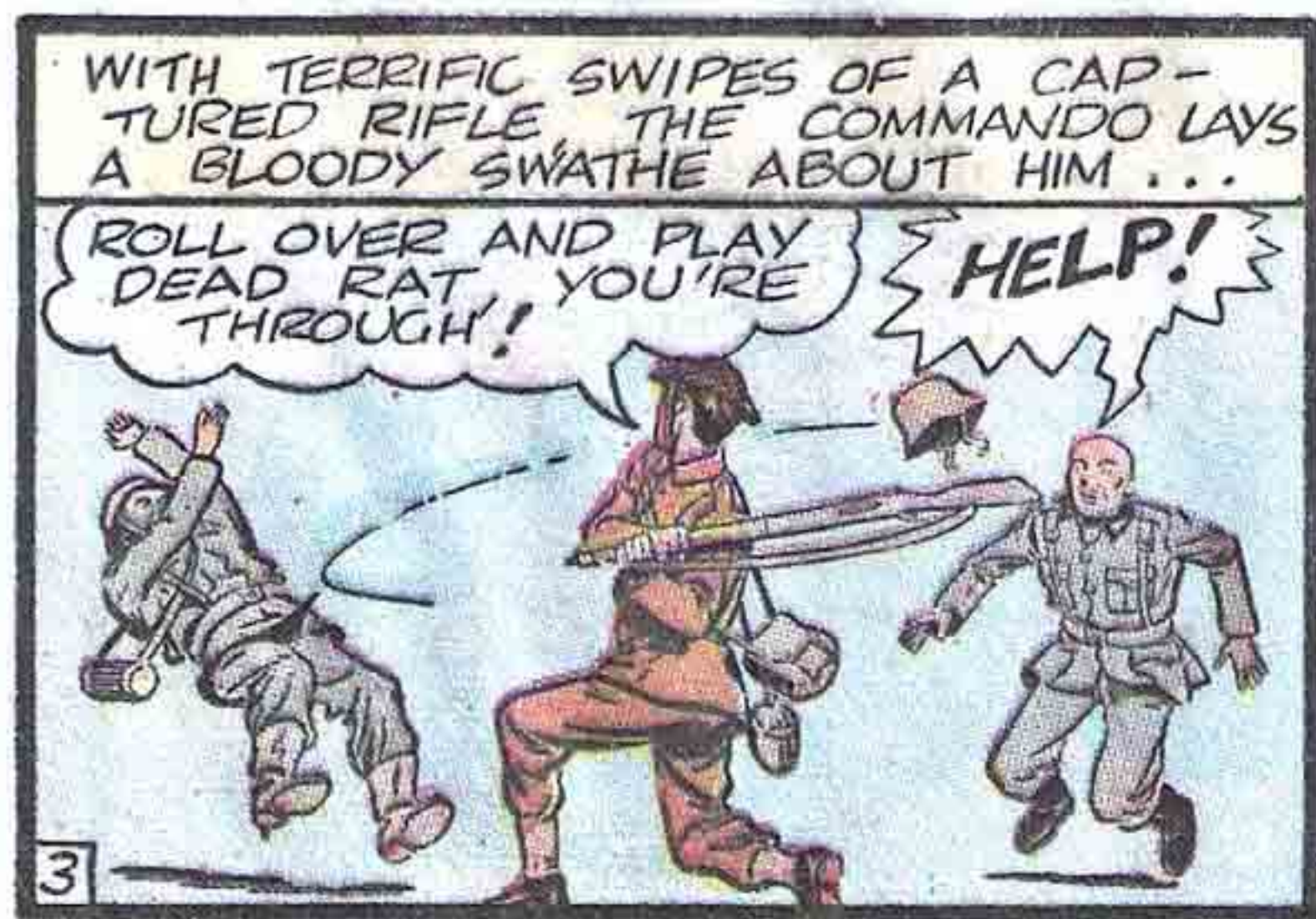
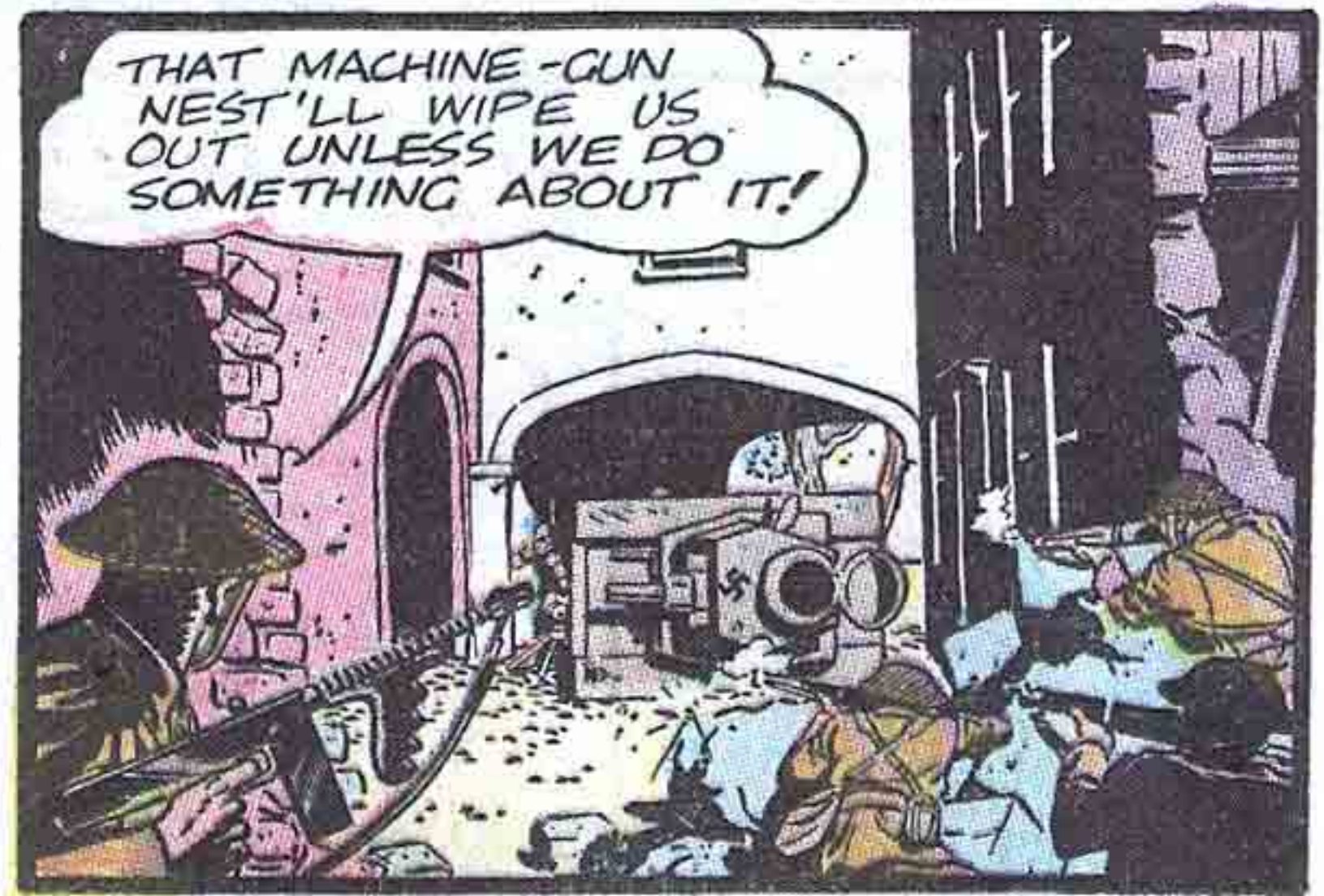
THAT'S OUR ONLY SHELTER IN CASE THE NAZIS COME LOOKING! WE'RE TAKING A RISK. THEY MIGHT NOT BE FRIENDLY!



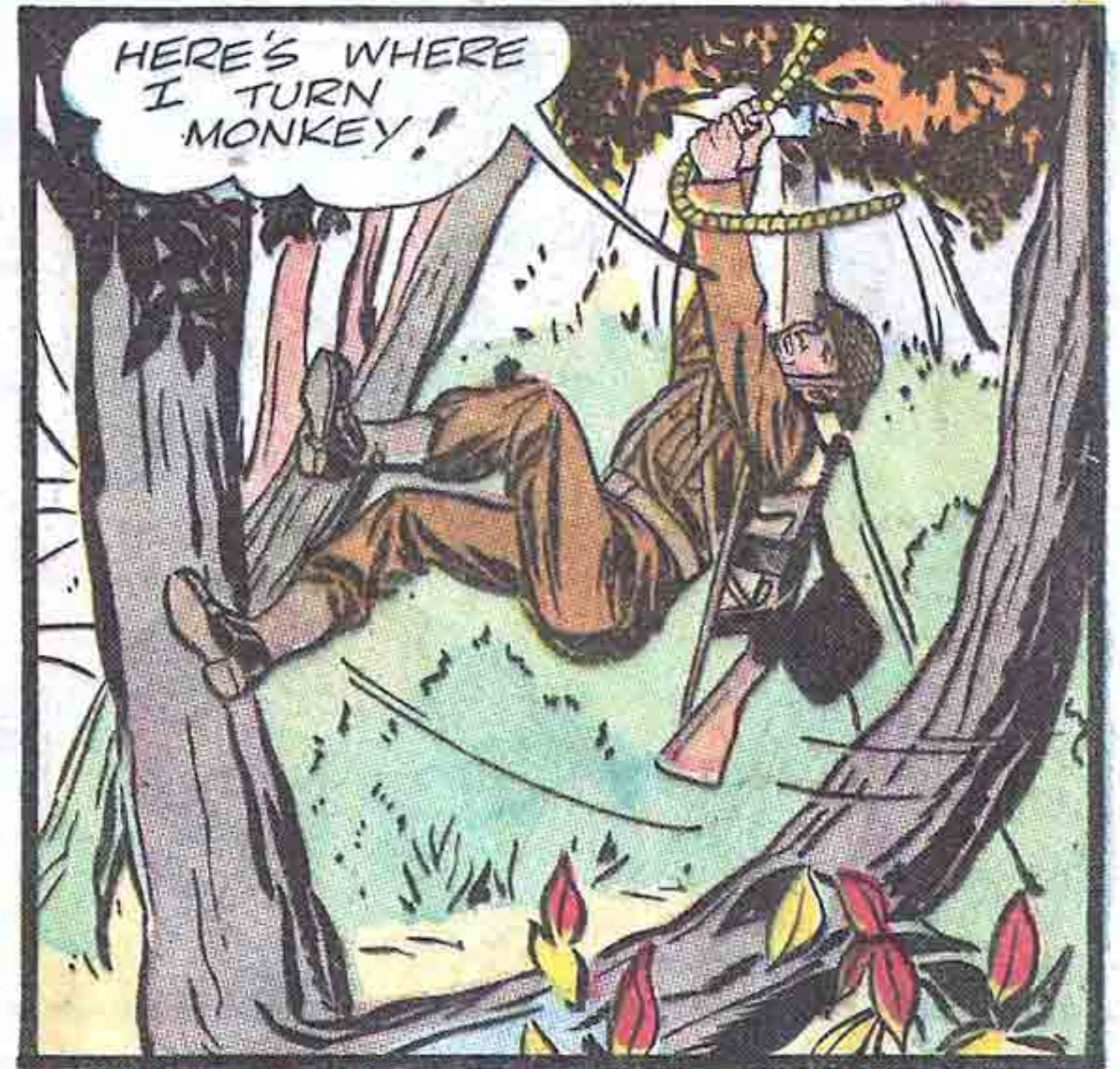
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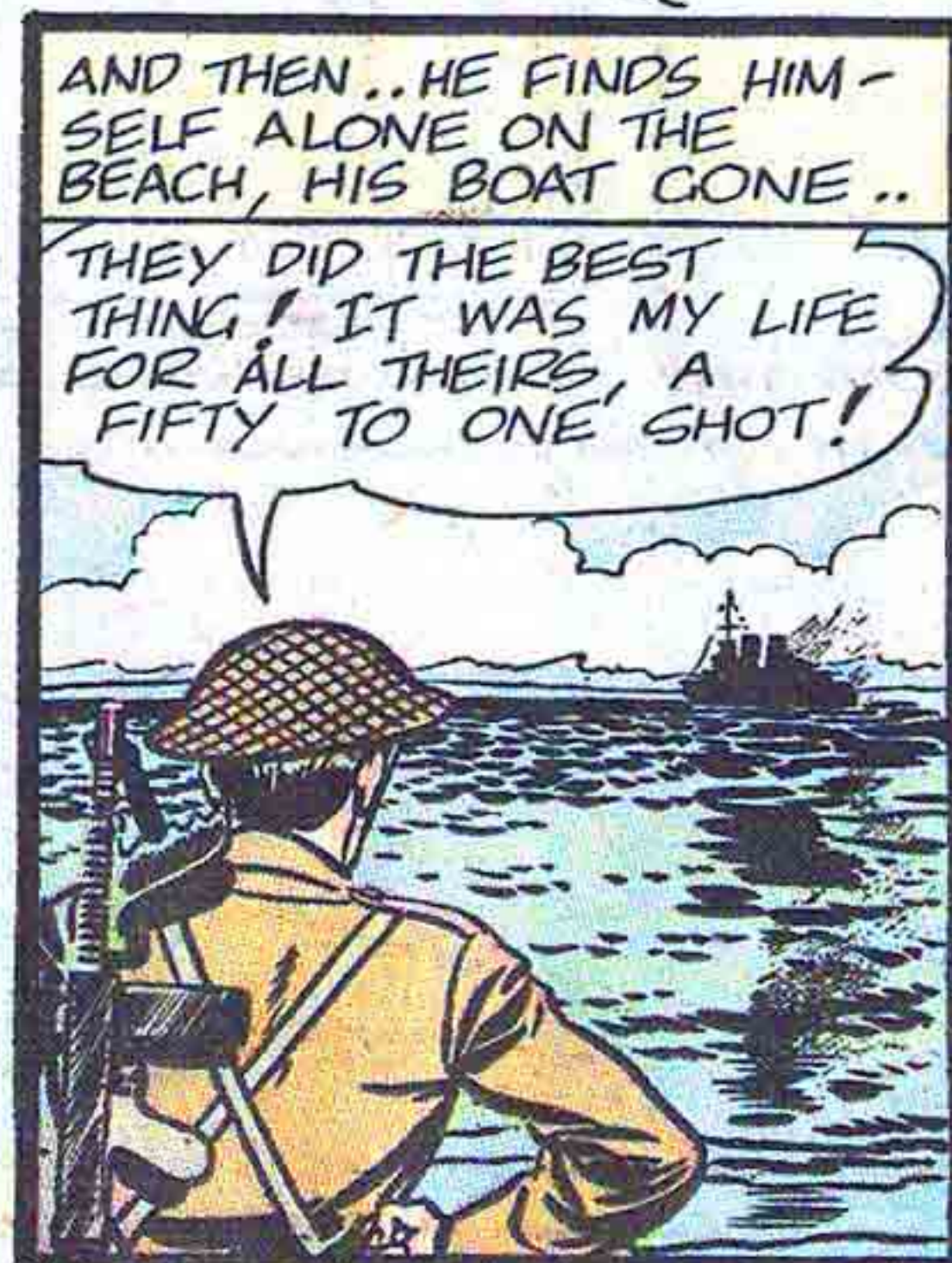
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BIG SHOT COMICS

WORKING AT THE SECRET TELEGRAPH, HE FLASHES A CODE MESSAGE TO LONDON...

I'LL SIGNAL AN R.A.F. PLANE TO MEET ME AT A MEADOW NEARBY, TO-MORROW NIGHT!



Ogden Whitney

WITHOUT SLEEP, WITHOUT PAUSE IN HIS GREAT EFFORTS, THE COMMANDO OFFICER TAKES TO THE FOREST TRAIL!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO A LUFTWAFFE AIRDROME. THEY HAVE SOMETHING I COULD USE!



PARDON MY FIST!



ROCKY HAULS A GLIDER FROM THE FIELD, SILENTLY, CAREFULLY...

IF I HAD TRIED FOR A PLANE THEY'D HAVE SHOT ME DOWN BEFORE I GOT A MILE AWAY!



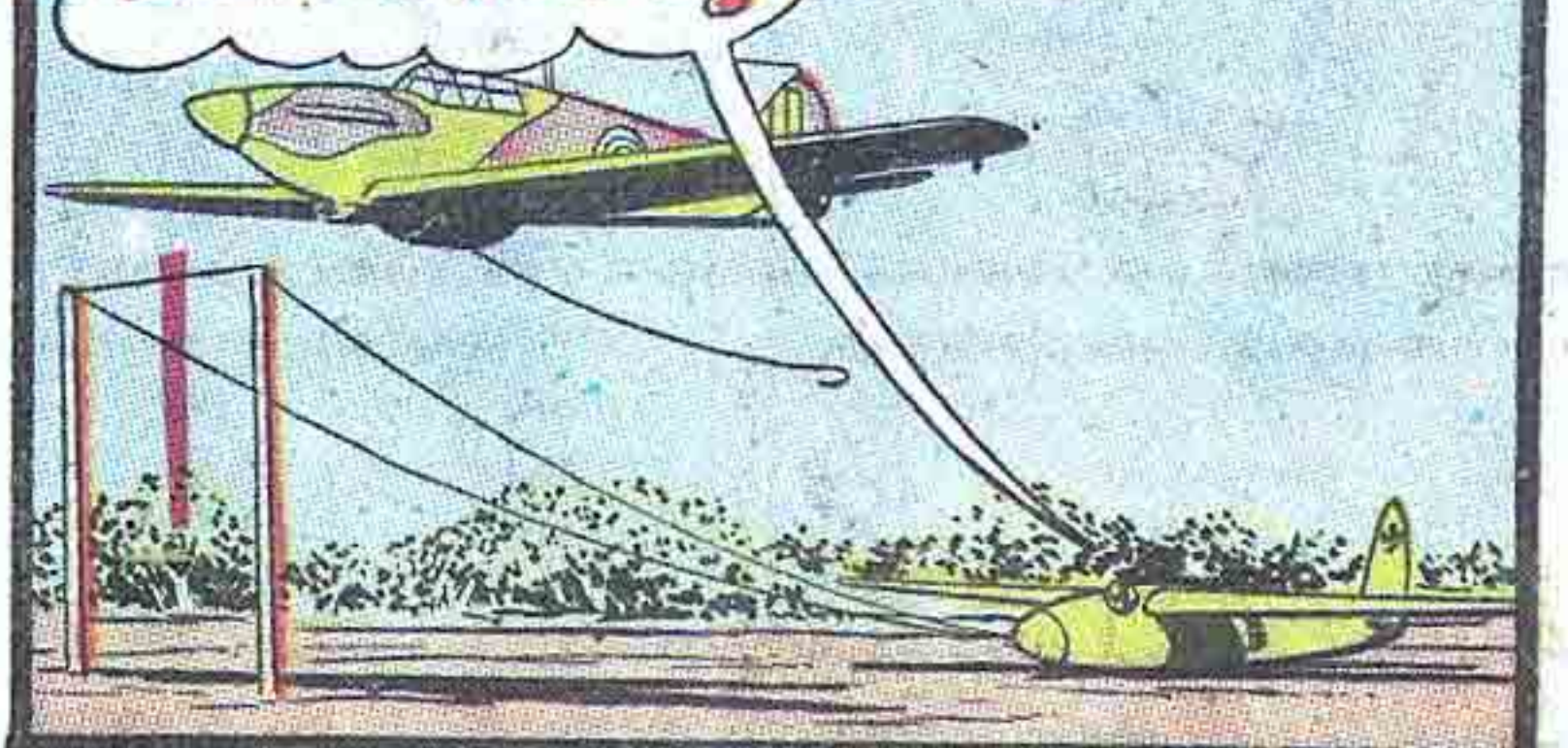
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT ROCKY SITS IN A GLIDER, A LONG ROPE ATTACHED BETWEEN TWO UPRIGHTS AND TO THE PROW OF HIS GLIDER.

I ONLY HOPE THAT FELLOW ABOVE ME AIMS RIGHT!



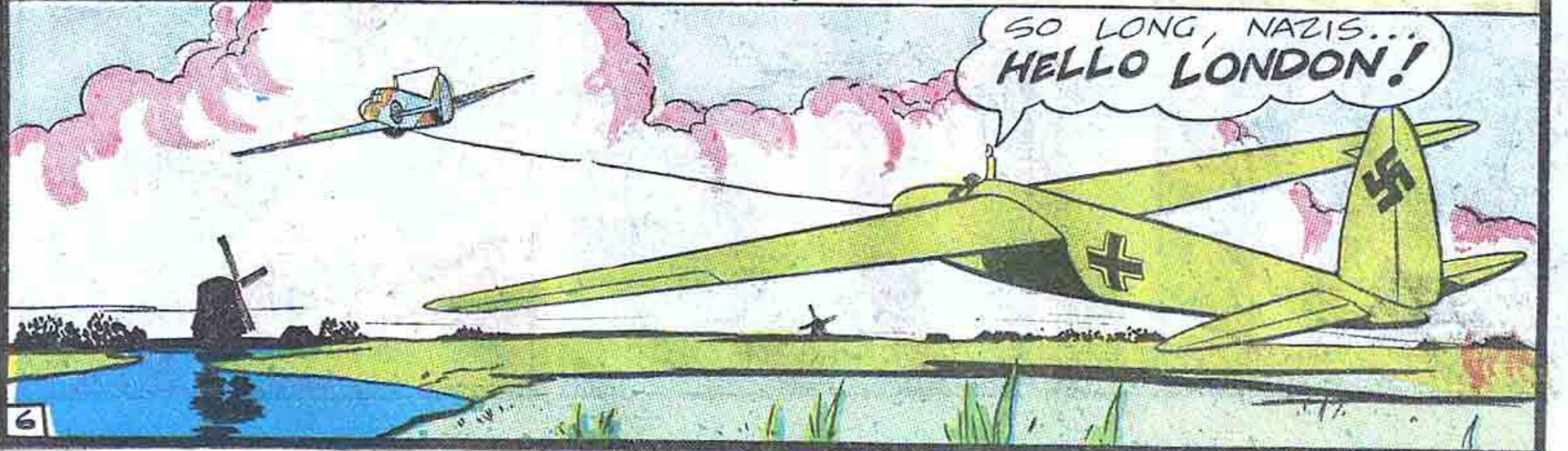
THE SWOOPING PLANE DROPS A HOOK FISHING FOR THE ATTACHED ROPE!

CONTACT!

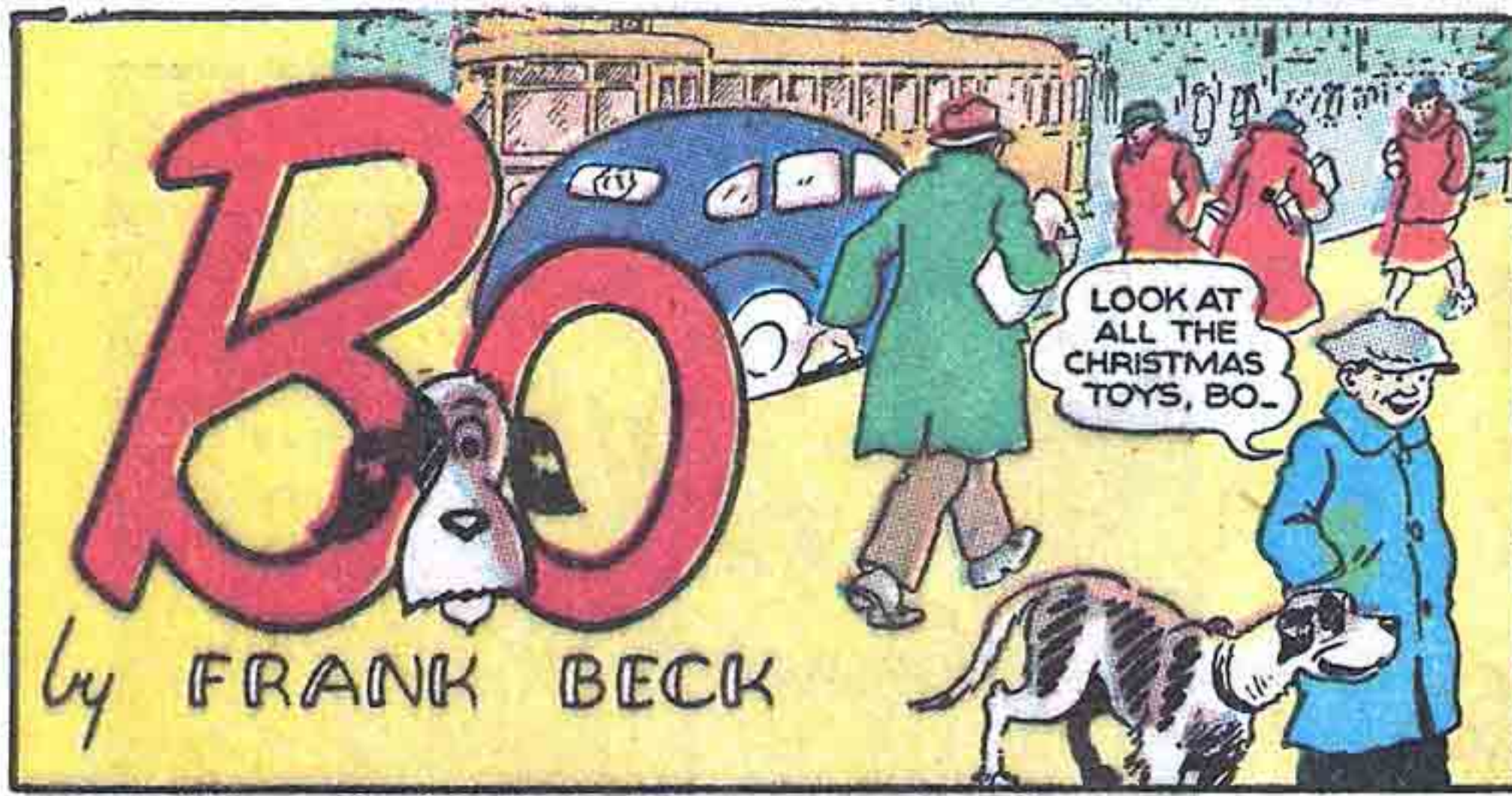


A TUG, A LURCH, AND THE GLIDER MOVES SWIFTLY ALONG THE GROUND, THEN INTO THE AIR!

SO LONG, NAZIS...
HELLO LONDON!



BIG SHOT COMICS



The FACE

by

MART
BAILEY



WASHED ASHORE AFTER A TERRIFIC NAVAL BATTLE, TONY TRENT — WAR CORRESPONDENT WHOM A RUBBEROID MASK TRANSFORMS INTO *THE FACE* — FINDS HIMSELF ON A SMALL ISLAND WHERE A TOUGH AUSTRALIAN REMNANT CONTINUES ITS RESISTANCE TO THE JAP INVADERS



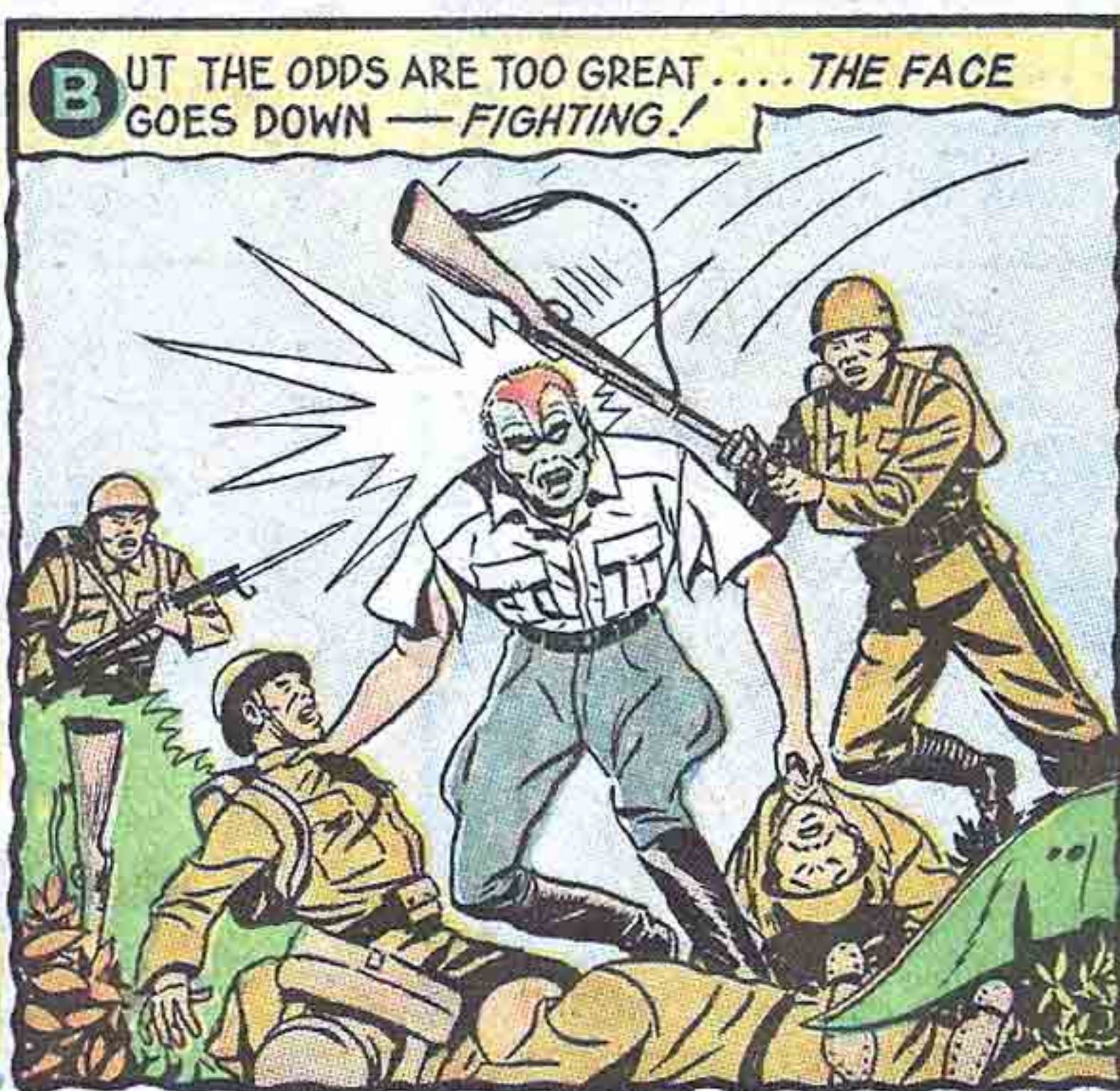
BIG SHOT COMICS



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BIG SHOT COMICS



SHORTLY
AFTERWARDS,
TONY TRENT
— WAR
CORRESPONDENT
— REACHES
THE
AUSTRALIAN
ARMY
CAMP
...



'A! 'A! THAT'S
NIPPIN' THE
BLOODY NIPS!
.... COR!
WHAT'S THIS?

AUSSIE KEEP YOUR
TAIL UP!... IT'S ONLY
THE LIMOUSINE,
M'LORD, TO TAKE
YOU HOME FROM
THE BALL!

BLIMEY!
IT'S GOOD
TO SEE YER
FRIENDLY
FACE POPPIN'
OUTTA THAT
THERE TANK!

NOTHING LIKE
HOT LEAD TO
DISCOURAGE
PURSUIT!

NOW IF WE
CAN GET
PAST THE
MINE FIELDS!

LAND
MINES!!!!

WHEW! LUCKY
WE DIDN'T 'IT
THAT ONE SQUARE!
WASSAMATTER!

JEEPERS!
THE DEVIL'S
GONE —
DISAPPEARED!

SHORTLY
AFTERWARDS,
TONY TRENT
— WAR
CORRESPONDENT
— REACHES
THE
AUSTRALIAN
ARMY
CAMP
...

I'VE INFORMATION
THAT THE JAPS
PLAN AN ALL-OUT
ATTACK WITHIN A
FEW HOURS.

I'LL TAKE YOU
TO THE GENERAL
AT ONCE — BUT
BE CAREFUL!
— THE OLD BOY'S
ON THE WARPATH
HIMSELF!

SO YOU SAW THE DEVIL HIMSELF
— AND HE HELPED YOU TO KIDNAP
THE NIP GENERAL! AND YOU
THINK YOU DESERVE A MEDAL!
FOOSH! IT'S THE GUARDHOUSE
YOU'LL GET, YOU TWO BRUMBY
LARRIKINS! YOU'RE SHIKKERED
— DRUNK!

AW,
'ORSEFACE
!

The End

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME** ... Instead of SHAME!

**ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?**

**Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?**

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peppy? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.



*Charles
Atlas*

Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."
As he looks to-
day, from actual
untouched snap-
shot.

**Mail Coupon
For My
FREE Book**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2361,
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State.....

☐ Check here for booklet A if under 16.



FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2361, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.